THE NATION

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EDITORIALS

Slamming Away

Several recent developments focus renewed attention on the dangerous waiting game the Administration is playing in Indochina. On March 27, Sen. Harold E. Hughes (D., Iowa) reminded the Senate that the Administration, which lied about the Cambodian "intrusion," continues to deceive Congress and the people about aspects of the fighting in Indochina. The Senator found, for example, that the Pentagon had conducted some sixty ground operations into Laos and Cambodia after adoption of the Cooper-Church amendments of 1969 and 1970 barred the use of U.S. funds to finance "the introduction of American ground combat troops" into those areas. The rationale, of course, was that these were intelligence-gathering operations, but in fact many were designated "slam"—meaning "search, locate and annihilate missions." We still have about 100 military advisers in Cambodia, and a *Washington Post* reporter recently watched a U.S. officer direct combat activities near Kampot. Nor is it reassuring to be reminded that last August 9 Admiral Moorer, an active candidate for reappointment as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, testified before Senators Hughes and Symington that he would obey an order from the Commander in Chief, even though he knew that it violated the law.

Not having much success in its attempt to enlist multinational aid [see "A Terribly Delicate Matter: Multinational Aid to Saigon" by Mark Selden, in our issue of April 6], the Administration now seeks authorization to increase the ceiling for military aid to Saigon by some $474 million. If aid to Cambodia is included, the total military aid bill for fiscal 1974 is $2.3 billion, with a projected increase to $2.7 billion for 1975. We continue to meet about 80 per cent of the Thieu regime's budget, and three-fourths or more of our largesse is for the military. Worth pondering in a time of inflation and unbalanced budgets is Senator Mansfield's reference to an estimate of the cost of the war to June 30, 1970, which appears in a Department of Commerce publication, "A Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1973." The figure is $352 billion.

Against this background, Secretary of State Kissinger has now assured Senator Kennedy that, while we have no bilateral commitment to Saigon, we are "politically and morally" committed to give it long-term military and economic aid; in this instance, "long-term" could mean forever. Moreover, it is worth noting that on February 2 President Nixon assured Lon Nol that we will continue to provide "maximum possible assistance" to Cambodia, with no time limit indicated. Each time Kissinger or Nixon makes such a statement it reaffirms whatever "political and moral" commitment exists. This time, Kissinger's statement has been pronounced "disturbing" by Senator Kennedy, while Senator Fulbright elects to regard it not as a commitment but as a mere statement of policy. So interpreted, it is still "disturbing."

The fact is—protests to the contrary notwithstanding—that U.S. policy has not been changed or reversed; we are still involved in an ongoing war in Indochina. Removal of U.S. ground combat troops was a shift in tactics; it did not change or modify basic policy. Sen. Richard Clark (D., Iowa) properly insists that continued aid for the Thieu regime at the old level is simply a blank check for further abuses. "There is no point," he told his colleagues recently, "in pretending that Vietnam is no longer our problem. We helped create the present situation. Our dollars continue to help imprison, bomb and dislocate human beings, just as they did for twelve years before." Congress has complained, but it has not reversed existing policy nor offered a policy of its own.

It will not be easy to change Administration policy as long as Nixon is in the White House. Lawful or not, the military will carry out the orders of the Commander in Chief, and although the top brass are not above filching documents from the President, they are no doubt ready, as they were in the past, to collaborate in deceptions. It is proper enough for Senator Clark to say that "this country's relationship with South Vietnam must begin to change," but it is not likely to change as long as Nixon and Kissinger are directing policy.

The Shield Is Gone

In 1971 John N. Mitchell, when he was Attorney General of the United States, conceded that the killing of four Kent State University students by Ohio National Guardsmen, and the wounding of nine others, had been "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable." He could hardly say otherwise, since the FBI report on his desk concluded that the Guardsmen's claim that their lives were endangered was manufactured after the massacre. Nevertheless, Mr. Mitchell decided against further action.

Elliot L. Richardson, Mr. Mitchell's successor, found that too much to swallow. When the matter was called to his attention, he ordered John Stanley Pottinger, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Rights Division, to reopen the case, and a federal grand jury was convened in Cleveland on December 18, 1973. Toward the end of March that body indicted seven former and one present member of the Ohio National Guard for violation of the civil rights of the victims.

All the indicted men were Guardsmen at the time of the eleven-second fusillade, and presumably they were among the twenty or so who are shown in photographs shooting or aiming their rifles at the students. The photograph printed in *The New York Times* of March 30 also shows, at far left, a Guardsman firing a revolver—an odd circumstance. However, at this point the grand jury has apparently concluded that the action of the Guardsmen was spontaneous and that there was no conspiracy or prearrangement; none of the officers or civilian higher-ups has been held accountable.

Nevertheless, and regardless of the innocence or guilt of those indicted, something important has been accomplished. Men in uniform tend to believe that the uniform is a license to use firearms against those who defy and oppose them under circumstances which do not threaten bodily harm. No such right exists. Soldiers and policemen may use only reasonable force to maintain law and order.

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In the Kent State case some of the victims may have been throwing rocks, but from such distances that the Guardsmen could easily dodge or catch the missiles. It is certain, also, that some of the victims had nothing to do with the disorder that preceded the shooting. The notion that the uniform is a legal shield for homicide can get a man into a lot of trouble; that lesson, at least, Kent State has taught.

The Voice of Women

Chicago

Planners of the March 23-24 founding convention of the Coalition of Labor Union Women in Chicago disregarded the advice of all convention experts and predicted a firm attendance figure. Some 1,500 women would attend their meeting, they said. By the end of the conclave, more than 3,100 women had come to create an organization that could make real changes in the union movement.

The birth of this organization was not without its own labor pains. The chaos of unexpected numbers was augmented by the pressure of "dealing in a day and a half with problems that have accumulated for centuries," to quote Addie Wyatt, CLUW leader and Women's Division head of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen. Nevertheless, participants left Chicago with a structure, a leadership, a statement of purpose and the determination to build this organization where it counts—among their own union memberships.

With nearly 400 women, the largest delegation among the fifty-eight national and international unions at the gathering was from the United Auto Workers, the union which in the past few years has perhaps pushed hardest for passage of the federal Equal Rights Amendment. The American Federation of Teachers, the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the Butcher Workmen and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers also had large delegations. All these unions have been on the liberal side of the fence on such questions as the war in Vietnam and the McGovern campaign. If CLUW continues to grow, it can't fail to enhance the position of this liberal bloc of unions—and some of their men leaders as well—in the national labor family.

A show of hands during one session indicated that more than half the women present were rank-and-filers who had never attended a union convention before. One international union president and several international vice presidents were on hand, together with more than 150 local union presidents, district or state council presidents or international representatives. The largest number came from the Midwest, a sizable group from the East, fewer from the West and a small group from the South, where union organization lags.

Participants affirmed the purpose of CLUW: "To unify union women . . . to determine our common problems and concerns and to develop action programs within the framework of our unions to deal effectively with our objectives." Some of those objectives—to encourage unions to organize unorganized women . . . to encourage women to fight job discrimination through their unions . . . to push for child care legislation, passage of the ERA . . . extension of "truly protective legislation" for all workers . . . and

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1974 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 218

No. 15

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to aid women to strengthen their participation and leadership in the union movement. [See "You Find a Way: The Women of the Boycott" by Barbara L. Baer & Glenna Matthews, *The Nation,* February 23; and "First Time in New York: Trade Union Women's Conference" by Claudia Dreifus, *The Nation,* March 30.]

By its very numbers at inception, CLUW will be viewed as a challenge to the labor movement, but few participants see it as a threat. "This is not a divisive event," Ms. Wyatt told the group. "This is a move to unify what has been in too many instances already divided." The main division at the conference arose over the United Farm Workers Union boycott and whether CLUW should get involved in what some women labeled a jurisdictional dispute. There was the spoken threat by some Teamster women to bolt the gathering and the unspoken factor that labor's establishment, led by AFL-CIO President George Meany, is backing away from enthusiastic support of the UFW. All-out backing for the boycott was seen by some as a position that could keep CLUW from getting into the full current of the labor movement.

In many ways, the debate over the farm worker question (finally resolved by compromise) reflects the dilemma this embryonic group will face as it tries to grow in members and influence. On the one hand, many women will want to put CLUW on record for what they feel are the right positions. On the other hand, the cry will be raised that CLUW should not limit its potential leverage in the labor movement. For some women who were in Chicago, this means massing troops to press for their own advancement in the unions. CLUW can "develop as a new power center in the trade union movement," says Elinor Glenn, Service Employees executive board member from Los Angeles and a regional vice president of CLUW. That will depend on its ability to put forward its program in unions, to encourage unions to organize the more than 80 per cent of women workers not in unions, and to enlarge its own ranks.

The structure of the organization born last month in Chicago insures it will not be a one-issue, one-campaign affair. And the direction mapped out in the day and a half of discussion and debate makes it likely that much of the labor movement will be able to accept this new development, even if it doesn't like its look at first sight.

JUDY BASTON

The Shockley Archipelago

A rather tiring scene has been re-enacted several times during the last two years. The Nobel Prize winner in physics, William Shockley, is scheduled to "debate" in some academic setting the question of the genetic intellectual inferiority of black folk, as proved by intelligence tests. At the appointed hour, a small group of leather-lunged black students, occasionally buttressed by a few whites, appears and creates such a hullabaloo that the learned scientific inquiry cannot proceed.

This dramatic vignette is attended by appropriate television and newspaper coverage. Pious university officials then deplore barbarian tactics, and editorial writers of conservative newspapers, not otherwise conspicuous for service to academic freedom, bemoan with resignation and sadness yet another assault on the freedom of ideas.

The question that anybody who knows about academic freedom and the freedom of ideas in this country asks is, who is fooling whom?

The student protesters, as they have often been and will be again, are dupes in this matter. Without their obliging catcalls, the press coverage for Dr. Shockley's performances would be unjustified. They should be censured not for their indignation about his presence in areas supposedly reserved for enlightenment but for their acquiescence in a racist scenario.

But to focus on the doubly regrettable behavior of the students, which is the only matter discussed in the journalistic orgies of self-righteousness, is to miss the heart of the matter: Shockley's thesis and its inception.

Shockley's contention that intelligence tests demonstrate that blacks are genetically inferior to whites is accepted by virtually no one acquainted with the evidence. Shockley has himself admitted in debate that he doesn't quite know what intelligence is nor what intelligence tests measure. That would be enough to disqualify him from further consideration in any milieu except a racist society titillated by his extravagance. This illicit interest is not surprising in a people who are not scandalized by napalm bombing, but are struck to confusion by a photograph showing pubic hair.

Shockley's limited eminence is due to his work in a value-free domain, but he is obviously no placid searcher after truth. Would he go to such lengths to get the facts of electronics before a confused and ignorant public? The answer is obvious. He is engaged in an unlonely crusade—with profound social implications—carrying an unauthentic gospel.

Since his lack of qualifications to present a coherent and responsible position on the subject he purports to deal with is patent, why do university groups continue to invite him to appear before them? Do they present him as a figure of fun, as a deliberate provocation to black students, as a prophet not without honor?

Further, since when do scientists debate their claims before a sweaty multitude—even of college students? The claims of evolution went that route, but Darwin himself, a pure seeker after truth, refused the fray, preferring to let his work speak for itself. Would this not be a more reasonable procedure for Shockley, if his wish were only that truth prevail? If he has other goals, we should know what they are so that they might be discussed.

RICHARD A. LONG, Atlanta University

A Can of Worms

John Joseph, 29, a black, was arrested in West Hollywood, Calif. last fall for speeding. After taking him to the sheriff's station, the officers removed the back seat of the patrol car—standard procedure, since suspects sometimes stuff incriminating material behind the seat. This time the deputies testified that they found a wallet containing eight stolen credit cards and miscellaneous papers, including one with handwriting which Joseph admitted was his. However, both at his preliminary hearing and at a jury trial in Superior Judge Laurence J. Rittenband's court in Santa Monica in March, Joseph denied

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that the wallet was his. As for the paper containing his handwriting, that could have come from his apartment, which the officers had searched after his arrest.

One of the stolen credit cards had been used for gasoline purchases and Irwin Pransky, Joseph's public defender, thought that the license plate numbers scrawled on the receipts might lead to the actual culprit. But that proved a dead end—the license plate itself had been stolen. So, when the case went to the jury of eleven women and one man, there did not seem much for them to do but return a verdict of guilty.

Among the women, however, was Mrs. Anne Gagnon, who works in the credit department of a large store. Fingering through the wallet and its contents, she looked at the name on two payroll check stubs. No one had noticed that the same name appeared on another exhibit, a copy of the station house booking sheet of *the day before* Joseph was arrested. She called this remarkable "coincidence" to the attention of the other jurors, who agreed that it was conceivable that the wallet had been stashed on the previous day, and that the officers had neglected to look behind the seat on that occasion.

Judge Rittenband was likewise impressed, but there was nothing to this turn in the case unless the same patrol car had been used to transport both Joseph and the other arrested man. The judge ordered the prosecuting attorney to find out whether it was the same car. It was. The judge praised Mrs. Gagnon for "diligence, dedication and shrewd detective work," thanked the jury, and dismissed the case against Joseph.

THE NATION

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Back Cover of This Issue

The March 22nd *Los Angeles Times* featured the case on its front page, with photographs of Mrs. Gagnon, Joseph and Pransky. "If I have been responsible for freeing an innocent man," Mrs. Gagnon said, "I can't help but feel pleased." But she added, referring to the investigation of the sheriff's office ordered by the judge, "I didn't realize this was going to open such a can of worms."

Which leads to a real coincidence and the origin of this editorial. A *Nation* subscriber read the *Los Angeles Times* story on the same day that he received the March 23rd *Nation*, which contained an article by Edward Bunker, "Perjury: New Tool of Justice," calling attention to the notorious tendency of some police officers to engage in perjury as a means of assuring the conviction of an arrested person. It is all too easy for the police to manufacture a case by devious means (as by putting a few lines of handwriting into a stolen wallet) and extremely difficult to disprove the manufactured evidence. Police administrators would be well advised to take a strong line against officers who have "cooked up" a case.

THE NAVY'S OIL: UP FOR GRABS

GEORGE L. BAKER

Fresno, Calif.

A fierce struggle, waged largely out of public sight, is taking place over the disposition of the nation's largest oil reserves. Improbably, the oil belongs not to Exxon, Shell or any other oil company but to the United States Navy. What, you ask, is the Navy doing with 24 million acres of California, Alaska and Wyoming land, containing nearly 35 billion barrels of oil (a figure equal to the nation's current recoverable reserves) and worth, at current prices, up to $350 billion?

Right now it is holding the oil for national defense purposes, according to Presidential directives which set the land aside in the years from 1912 to 1923. But a lot of people, including President Nixon, members of Congress and the oil companies, believe the Naval Petroleum Reserves (NPRs) should not be held solely for a national emergency as yet unforeseen. Rather, they say, the fields should be opened to private exploitation now.

Whether the land should be put in trust for another time, opened to exploitation or disposed of in some other manner are multibillion-dollar questions that deserve a better public airing than they have received. Congress has looked only superficially at one aspect of the reserves in a not untypically near-hysterical fashion. The Administration's bureaucracy is rolling along with the tide, tilting ever so gradually toward handing the reserves to the oil industry. And, except for *The Washington Post* and *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, no prestigious newspaper has given the public much insight into the issues and amounts of money involved. The end of the oil embargo has for now dashed hopes that the reserves can be opened immediately, but there is still great pressure within Congress to turn the oil over to private oil companies.

For more than fifty years, the oil industry, regardless of the party in power, has used every available scheme, device and rationale to get its hands on the reserves. With the current oil shortage, its well-orchestrated efforts appear to be gaining ground. The wellhead of the current controversy is a proposal to tap one of the reserves for a year—Elk Hills near Bakersfield, Calif. With estimated reserves of 1.3 billion barrels, Elk Hills is the second largest oil field in the continental United

George Baker is a staff writer for a West Coast chain of newspapers.

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States, trailing only the East Texas field. The Elk Hills scheme is intended to relieve, at least temporarily, the West Coast oil shortage by permitting production of 160,000 barrels a day, 58 million barrels in a year.

While Elk Hills is a huge field, it is almost a stripper well compared to the NPR in Alaska, dubbed Pet 4. It embraces 24 million largely unexplored acres and has reserves conservatively estimated at 33 billion barrels. Pet 4 lies on the Alaskan North Slope, just west of the major new oil discovery at Prudhoe Bay. Several companies, with the help of the Department of Interior, have already encroached with wells onto the Navy's 2-mile buffer zone, thus siphoning oil that belongs to the reserve. So far the oil industry has expressed little interest in two other NPRs—Buena Vista Hills in California and Teapot Dome in Wyoming, after which the scandal was named—primarily because, according to the General Accounting Office and the Navy, much of the oil has already been drained by the kind of poaching going on at Pet 4.

Because of the NPRs' checkered political history, the plan to drill at Elk Hills has raised the eyebrows of a few Congressmen and Senators who recall how the reserves were handled in the days of Albert Fall and the Harding administration. When the Nixon Administration presented the proposal to Congress last fall, with the concurrence of browbeaten Navy officials, it seemed reasonable, and the authorization measure easily slipped through the Senate and was shunted to the House. But there it has remained in the lair of the House Armed Services Committee, whose chairman, F. Edward Hébert (D., La.), is adamantly opposed to opening any of the reserves. As time went on, Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.), a self-styled guardian of the public trust, began asking more and more embarrassing questions. For instance, he asked, wouldn't the plan allow Standard Oil of California to reap what would appear to be enormous windfall profits? Standard owns 20 per cent of the oil within the reserve and as a consequence could extract oil that it otherwise would be unable to get under the unit plan contract by which the reserve is run with the Navy. If Standard were allowed to produce freely on its land, which is interspersed in a checkerboard pattern with the Navy's, that would force the Navy to produce as well (otherwise its oil would be drained), and the reserve would be seriously depleted.

In normal times, Elk Hills is producing only at the rate needed to test, conserve and maintain the 1,000 wells already sunk. Tough as it sounds for Standard, the oil company has not suffered unduly. It has been allowed to extract $10 million worth of oil in return for signing the contract and enough additional oil to cover property taxes on the reserve land. Standard has not been pressed to pay its bills, and in all owes the government $24 million.

Moss asked this question: Since the contract specifies that the reserves can be opened only for national defense purposes, what is to prevent Standard from suing the Navy, claiming that the reserve was opened in breach of contract; and then, if successful, freely producing on its land and ridding itself of the $24 million obligation? Officials of the Department of Navy and the Department of the Interior acknowledged publicly and before a Senate subcommittee that this could happen. The fact that Standard later said in a letter that it would not attempt to subvert the contract in this manner, doesn't mean it couldn't be done.

"Don't Do Anything I Wouldn't Do."

Who would be the beneficiaries if Elk Hills were opened? Full production could supply 5.6 per cent of California's yearly consumption of oil products, hardly a solid contribution to meeting the oil shortage. That is assuming the oil, once produced, remains in California. Representatives of Standard could give Congress no assurances that the oil would not be traded away to another oil company, exchanged, or even exported.

At the same time, Standard would gross $116 million, at current oil prices, from the sale alone of its share of the oil. And since it already has the contract to operate the reserve, it would receive most of the $64 million Congress has appropriated to gear up for full production. Moreover, even temporary production at Elk Hills might be the wedge the oil companies have been seeking to get control of all the reserve oil. The capacity of pipelines to carry oil off the reserve is only 90,000 barrels. New storage tanks and pipelines would have to be built and new wells drilled to protect the integrity of deeper pools for future use. With such an investment, Standard and its cohorts could press a vigorous claim that its investment and that of the United States are lying idle and wasted. If Elk Hills could be opened "temporarily" for one year, why not for two, five or ten years?

To Sen. Adlai Stevenson (D., Ill.), the scent of corruption is in the air: "History is repeating itself, except that the stakes could make the raid on Teapot Dome a

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petty misdemeanor by comparison," he told a Senate hearing. While the issue may be less clear-cut than that, it is obvious that the government has made it as easy as possible for the oil industry giants to reap special benefits from the oil already taken out of the NPRs. Consider:

¶In 1970 the Navy advertised for bidders to buy its share of the oil produced at Elk Hills. Having thrown out the bid of an independent refiner, the Pima Refining Co., it was left with two serious bidders, Shell and Standard. And by the strangest coincidence, Shell and Standard had submitted identical bids. Not concerned with the possibility of collusion, Navy flipped a coin and awarded the bid to Shell.

¶A year later, the Navy was seeking bidders on a five-year contract to operate the reserve. When sealed bids were opened in the fall of 1971, a consortium of petroleum engineers and oil well maintenance executives, called the Coastal Engineering Co., had underbid Standard. Yet, despite the recommendation of the Navy's Elk Hills staff, the bid went to Standard.

¶When Standard began drilling on a field adjacent to Elk Hills in 1967, it took the Navy four years to convince the Justice Department that it should bring the oil company into court. Justice lost in its attempt to have the field annexed to the reserve, as the amended unit contract permits, according to the Navy. The case is now on appeal, but in the meantime, Standard extracted most of the oil from the pool.

Elk Hills by itself is bad enough, but when it is viewed in concert with the subtle pecking at the fringes of Pet 4, one sees that an all-out attempt is being made to take what belongs to the government (i.e., the public) and give it to a handful of companies. If this prevails, the oil companies will have invested a nickel's worth of exploration and gotten a dollar's worth of oil in return. It would be akin to giving away or selling at a nominal price the Tennessee Valley Authority.

For a change why shouldn't the taxpayers recoup the benefits of the public domain? All too often public land —which these reserves were before they were withdrawn from settlement—has been turned over to the railroads, lumber companies, speculators, agricultural corporations and, yes, even oil companies. Lacking is a clear shape of what should be done, a national purpose. The House Armed Services Committee noted this in a subcommittee report: "Tapping Elk Hills would contribute virtually nothing to the solution of the nation's basic energy problem. At best it would only be a temporizing palliative which could delay the pursuit of effective remedies by making them appear less urgent."

Navy, which by an act of Congress has ultimate authority over the reserves, has been well-intentioned but unable to hold back the various interests intent on getting at the NPRs. The deputy director of the reserves, Lt. Comdr. Kirby Brant, turned in his commission in early January, declaring he was tired of writing lies about the need to produce from the reserves. He remarked dryly to a reporter that somebody between "me and God wants the reserves opened up." Interior and Defense, he told the Senators, have combined to heist control of the reserves from the Navy. But while Interior is in open opposition to the Navy, the Defense Department "keeps its tracks hidden," Brant said. "In short there are two wolves in this particular sheepfold and one across the river [the Pentagon] wears sheep's clothing."

There is good reason for the Pentagon to play shy. One of the sheepherders is Under Secretary of Defense William D. Clements, Jr., who before he joined the Administration was chairman of the board of the Southeastern Drilling Co., a Dallas-based outfit that does work for major oil companies throughout the world.

Clements, who has refused to put his $102 million of SEDCO stock in trust and who retains a vested interest in the company's profit-sharing plan, took energy matters at the Pentagon into his own hands last fall by creating an energy policy council that reports directly to him. A few days later he wrote an internal memorandum, since uncovered by Moss's investigators, calling for a plan to permit oil companies to produce the reserves. Perhaps it was only coincidental, but one of the companies involved with several of the majors in developing the North Slope, and the one most likely to join them in developing Pet 4, is Clements' SEDCO. It all amounts to a clear-cut conflict of interest. Clements later told a Senate subcommittee that he had removed himself from direct involvement in energy matters. But Defense Secretary James Schlesinger said he would still be available to offer something called "technical advice."

The attitude of Interior's Bureau of Land Management is equally curious. In clear violation of a 1938 Act restricting the leasing of mineral rights on federal land adjoining the reserves, BLM has issued permits for wells to be drilled as close as 50 feet to the reserves' boundaries. Because the drilling has often hit pools which lay within the NPRs, the Navy has had to produce offset wells to protect its interest. No one knows how much oil has been taken because of this leasing policy that has gone on uninterrupted since 1954; but it is at least several million barrels. For instance, BLM ignored Navy protests and allowed operators to drain nearly a million barrels on the periphery of Teapot Dome. From 1958 until late last year, the Navy was forced to produce 3.7 million barrels that otherwise would have been captured by these exploiters.

More recently, Standard began pumping oil from a field next to Elk Hills. The pool was connected to the reserve, but Standard vigorously denied this for months. Before the Navy could get a court order to stop the pumping, Standard produced more than 1.5 million barrels from the 72-million-barrel pool. A Standard document, uncovered in the proceedings, showed that it ignored Navy requests to cease the drilling because it wanted to extract as much oil as possible before an issue was made of it.

BLM has continued its generous leasing policies at Pet 4. Again over the objections of the Navy, it permitted Alaska to select land ripe for oil development within a 2-mile buffer zone when the territory gained statehood in 1958. After selecting the land, the state naturally leased it to oil prospectors. Now the BLM is trying to rewrite the boundaries of the reserve so that

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potential oil-bearing land along the Coleville River lies outside Pet 4.

Understandably, the Navy has been outflanked: after all, if it has trouble mustering support for aircraft carriers or submarines, how much muscle can it exert to protect the reserves? At every turn in its struggle, it has been outgunned and it's not too hard to understand why —not many admirals contribute to Presidential campaigns.

Such isn't the case elsewhere. The list of oil industry contributions to Nixon's re-election, compiled by Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.), comes to $5.7 million—more than 10 per cent of all the money raised by CREEP.

For example, officers and directors of Standard plunked down the attention-getting sum of $165,000. Board Chairman Otto N. Miller (since retired) chipped in $50,000, and director David Packard, Clements' predecessor at Defense, contributed $87,000.

One of the most vociferous proponents of the scheme to tap Elk Hills has been the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., the monopolistic California utility. Board member Walter Haas weighed in with $48,447 and board Chairman Robert Geerdes gave $1,000.

The Shell Oil Co., which under a 1970 contract, has the exclusive right to purchase all of Navy's share of Elk Hills production, is listed for a $24,500 contribution. The only other company besides Standard with facilities to transport oil off the Elk Hills Reserve is Atlantic Richfield, and its officers and directors contributed $62,518. One of those directors, Donald M. Kendall, head of Pepsi-Cola and personal friend of Nixon, gave $30,000.

SEDCO, the company that most likely would benefit from "industry participation" at Pet 4, was also generous. Its officers and directors contributed $68,225, including $26,000 by Clements himself.

While no one can draw a direct link between the contributions and Administration oil policies, it would be, as Aspin said, exceedingly difficult for the Administration to turn its back on an industry which supplied so much of its political war chest. "What emerges," said Moss, "is a cumulative attempt by several major oil companies to loot a government oil reserve with the connivance or incompetence of government authorities."

Why the panic to open the reserves? It makes good sense to leave some oil in the ground, in the event of a real national emergency. Perhaps the oil should not be in the entire province of the Navy, but the headlong rush to tap the reserves in an atmosphere of crisis does little to further the public interest. There is a great deal of undiscovered oil elsewhere and the oil companies ought to invest their own money to find it, rather than ride piggyback on the government to take over the NPRs.

And one wonders, if the government is going to be in the business of selling oil (as it would be at Elk Hills), why shouldn't it take an even more active role? What would be wrong with eventually turning the reserves over to the Federal Oil and Gas Corporation envisioned by Senator Stevenson and others? It would provide the base such a corporation needs to serve as both a yardstick and foil to the integrated oil companies whose earnings continue to pile up at record levels. □

AFTER SUNNINGDALE

IS IRELAND ON THE MEND?

EDWARD F. SHERMAN

Dublin

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, December 8, 1973, the third day of negotiations, the head of the Northern Ireland delegation asked that the meeting adjourn by midnight because many of his Protestant colleagues "don't like working on the Lord's Day." No one objected, but somehow the request was forgotten as the negotiators worked on into the night. At four in the morning, the British Attorney General began to leave, but a Protestant from Northern Ireland raced after him and persuaded him to stay, saying, "There are people dying in the North and we can help them. Stay with us until we've reached a pact. It can save lives." At six, someone sang some Irish ballads and *Help Me Make It Through the Night*, and the negotiations continued. At eight there was an adjournment until two in the afternoon. Early that evening agreement was reached, and the heads of state and party leaders from Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland initialed the historic "Sunningdale Agreement," bringing together the two states of Ireland, divided for fifty years, into a pact for cooperation and joint exercise of certain governmental functions.

Now, four months later, it becomes anybody's guess as to whether Ireland has really made it through the night. Far from ending the violence in Northern Ireland, Sunningdale has actually led to a stepped-up campaign of terror by extremists from both sides. Despite some successes and accomplishments, the coalition of Protestants and Catholics, which took office in Northern Ireland on January 1, received a crushing defeat in the British parliamentary election on February 28, causing the Protestant Chief Minister, Brian Faulkner, to back off from immediate ratification of the agreement. It is apparent that Sunningdale's carefully balanced package of limited compromises has failed to win over significant portions of hard-core northern Protestants who oppose accommodation with Catholics and closer ties with the south, and of Irish Republicans in the north and south who want a fully united Ireland. Sunningdale still seems to be the only viable plan for settling "the Irish problem" in the imme-

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diate future, but it is now obvious that some disagreements were patched over with ambiguities and that hopes for a new Ireland are dependent upon still further agreements and concessions which seem unlikely without significant changes in attitudes in both states.

In late February, I was in Derry where the task of accomplishing changes in attitudes could not have seemed greater. The second largest ctiy in Northern Ireland, Derry is still under siege, with almost all of its downtown stores boarded up, block after block of buildings bombed out, sandbags and concrete bunkers every few blocks with the guns of British soldiers showing through the slits, and dozens of roadblocks dividing the city into little segments. The children of Derry, I was told, have no conception of life without violence and religious confrontation. ("Where are you going, lad?" mothers in the Catholic Bogside used to ask. "Out to rock the soldiers, mam." "Well, dress warmly and you can have a ginger beer before you go.") Residential segregation is increasing, and school segregation is almost absolute, with Catholics attending their own parochial schools (90 per cent state-financed) and Protestants attending state or private schools. Catholic unemployment is higher than Protestant and, despite some recent opening up of government jobs, Catholics complain of discrimination in employment, public services and police enforcement.

The week before I went to Derry, the Senate of the Republic of Ireland had voted overwhelmingly to delay action on a member's bill to change the law which forbids importation, sale or advocacy of contraceptives. One of the bill's supporters, arguing that the Republic needed to show Northern Ireland that it was not "ruled by Rome," recalled the stinging judgment of poet W.B. Yeats upon his fellow Senators when they refused in 1925 to consider a bill to allow divorce—"You have disgraced yourselves"; and that he called out angrily after the vote, "Belfast papers, please copy." In Derry I heard moderate Protestants denounce the "Catholic laws" in the Republic and say that they doubted they would support a pro-Sunningdale candidate in the upcoming British elections, if the Catholics in the south were still intent on forcing their religion upon others.

Discrimination against Catholics in Northern Ireland and "Catholic laws" in the Republic are reasons given why each religious community in Ireland distrusts the exercise of power by the other. Religious pluralism has never been highly valued in Ireland, and the half-century of partition between the 95 per cent Catholic south and the 65 per cent Protestant north has done little to foster it. Catholic doctrine on divorce, contraception, the family, education and censorship were written into the Constitution and laws of the Republic after partition. In Northern Ireland, the symbols of Protestant Ascendancy were nurtured by the state, Catholics were virtually excluded from participation in government, and Catholics were at a disadvantage in the allocation of public services and in public and private employment. As a result, Catholics never became reconciled to citizenship in Northern Ireland, despite greater economic prosperity and social benefits under the British welfare state than in the Republic. Catholics north and south continued to dream of the "reintegration" of the six northern counties of Ulster into the Republic, while northern Protestants fear above all else inclusion in an all-Ireland state with a Catholic majority.

The Sunningdale Agreement contains a carefully balanced series of trade-offs which, while they do not alter the sectarian nature of either state, are aimed at significantly greater cooperation between the divided religious communities and governments. It is tied to a pact whereby the majority Protestant Unionist Party (which had held power in Northern Ireland since partition) agreed to a coalition government with the largely Catholic Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP) and the nonsectarian Alliance Party, as a condition for restoring home rule, suspended by the British in 1972. This power sharing, which gave the Catholics their first meaningful role in the government of Northern Ireland, was a tremendous step forward, but it excluded two significant political groups—the Protestant "Loyalists" who oppose any accommodation that would substantially reduce Protestant Ascendancy, and the Catholic "Republicans" who will accept nothing short of a united Ireland. As might be expected, these are the most vociferous opponents of Sunningdale, each working within its own religious community to draw support from the centrist coalition government.

At Sunningdale the northern Protestants reluctantly agreed to the creation of a Council of Ireland to exercise powers over both parts of Ireland (north and south will be equally represented on the Council, each with a veto, even though the south has twice the population of the north). In return, the Republic, whose Constitution claims Northern Ireland as part of its territory, agreed that the status of the north could not be changed without a majority vote of its citizens and that it would assist in attempting to curb terrorism directed from the south against the north. [More recently the Irish Republic's Prime Minister, Liam Cosgrave, in a "solemn declaration" has stated: "The factual position of Northern Ireland is that it is within the United Kingdom, and my Government accept this as a fact." *Editors*] Since the north is eager to reach terrorists who flee to the south, the Council of Ireland will probably be given some law-enforcement powers; a joint law-enforcement commission has been studying the problem since Sunningdale. The Republic would be glad if the Council were given more power and were ultimately to develop into an all-Ireland Parliament which would lead to reunification, but Sunningdale spoke only of its "harmonizing and consultative role" in such areas as trade, conservation, agriculture, energy, public services and tourism.

Northern Chief Minister Brian Faulkner's biggest selling job has been to persuade his Unionist supporters that he did not betray their cause in the agreements. He became Prime Minister in 1971 because of his hard-line opposition to the Catholic civil rights movement, and his tough policy of internment brought the country to the brink of civil war and led in 1972 to the suspension of home rule and direct British control. Thus, it's almost as if George Wallace had made an agreement with civil rights leaders in 1963 to permit integra-

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tion of schools and public facilities in Alabama and had then to convince his supporters that this was consistent with white supremacy and racial segregation. Sharing power with Faulkner in the coalition government are all the old enemies of the Protestant state. Deputy Chief Executive is Gerry Fitt, who led the Catholic representatives out of the Northern Ireland Parliament in 1971, symbolically taking with them the consent of the minority to be governed and opening the way to suspension of home rule. The new Minister of Housing and Planning, Austin Currie, led Catholics to dramatize their grievances by illegally occupying public housing, and once fasted in front of 10 Downing Street. John Hume, new Minister of Commerce, organized the Catholic civil rights movement in Derry in the late 1960s. Paddy Devlin, who has been interned for Irish Republican sympathies and whose brother is still interned, now heads the important Department of Health and Social Services.

Faulkner was faced with a Protestant revolt even before Sunningdale when a number of ultra-Loyalist politicians, who objected even to talking compromise with the Catholics, broke away from the Unionist Party. The most vocal of these was the Rev. Ian Paisley, the fiery champion of Protestant Ascendancy. A month after Sunningdale, Faulkner suffered another setback when the policy-making council of his Unionist Party rejected his agreement at Sunningdale to a Council of Ireland, thus forcing him to resign as head of the party. His position as Chief Minister was not affected because those Unionist members of the Assembly who are loyal to him, together with the SDLP and Alliance Party members in the coalition, constitute a majority.

In an impressive display of political skill, Faulkner took many of the leaders of the Unionist Party with him into a new party, but, only two months after taking office, he was suddenly faced with the British parliamentary election. Although Sunningdale was not an issue (all three major British parties supported the 1973 British legislation which led to Sunningdale), the general election gave opponents of power sharing and the Council of Ireland a chance to protest. The various anti-Sunningdale Protestant parties (the remnants of the Unionists under Harry West, the Democratic Unionists under Paisley, and the Vanguard under William Craig) formed a Loyalist coalition, the United Ulster Unionist Council, and won eleven of the twelve Northern Ireland seats in the British Parliament.

Faulkner's ability to hold his Protestant supporters in the Assembly for Sunningdale is now in some doubt. Astute politician that he is, he announced abruptly after the election that his government would not continue negotiations or ratify Sunningdale unless the south made a clear renunciation of its territorial claim to the north and fulfilled its promises to aid in curbing terrorism and extraditing offenders. His Catholic coalition partners and the southern government took the announcement in stride, discounting it as necessary to stem Protestant disaffections, although warning that withdrawal from Sunningdale would mean the end of Catholic cooperation in the Northern Ireland Government and a return to political chaos. Faulkner has been on most sides of most issues in his political career, but the alternatives to Sunningdale are now so unattractive that he will probably cling to it.

Faulkner has the advantage that his Loyalist opponents have nothing to offer in its place. Northern Protestants, to whom union with England has always been a sacred article of political faith, are faced with the unpleasant fact that the British Government, anxious to end the turmoil in Ireland, has turned its back on Protestant Ascendancy. Despite the leverage which the eleven Loyalist M.P.s will have because of the close division in the new British Parliament, the Labour government seems even less likely than the Conservatives to withdraw support for a Sunningdale-type settlement.

In the Republic, Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave has had a more difficult job of selling Sunningdale than expected. The provision that the majority in the north will determine the destiny of all six northern counties (two with Catholic majorities) is viewed by Republicans as a betrayal of the long struggle for full Irish independence. Cosgrave's problems have been complicated by a lawsuit which claims that the agreement on the status of the north violates the constitutional provision claiming the north as part of the Republic. He has had to walk a razor-thin line to avoid a court determination that the agreement is unconstitutional (thus forcing him to seek a referendum to change the Constitution which could stir up Irish nationalism), and yet to assure northern politicians that the Republic has forsworn the territorial claims over the north that provide a rallying point for the IRA and Irish nationalists. By affirming a dismissal of the suit on the ground that the agreement is only a statement of government policy until actually signed as a treaty, the Irish Supreme Court provoked charges from northern politicians that the south has not clearly renounced its claims. The Cosgrave government may finally be forced to declare itself unequivocally on the status of the north, seeking a constitutional change and confronting the unrealistic pretensions of Irish nationalism, if it is to meet its commitment at Sunningdale.

Cosgrave, whose father was the first Prime Minister of the Irish Free State, is a traditionalist by temperament, although he has displayed a keen sense of pragmatism, coming to power a year ago by an unlikely coalition of his conservative Fine Gael Party with the mildly socialistic Labour Party. Two of his most able ministers, Foreign Minister Garret Fitzgerald and Minister of Posts and Telegraphs Conor Cruise O'Brien, have advocated changes in the sectarian laws, but he has expressed no intention to match institutional changes in the north with reforms in the south. Both major political parties, Fine Gael and Fianna Fail, supported the passage of the sectarian laws, and the influence of the Catholic Church is strong in both; only the Labour Party has called for reform of the laws. Nevertheless, pressures for change are building. Those in the Republic who have long pressed for reform on the ground that the laws constitute undue infringement of individual rights and prevent progressive approaches to social problems have been strengthened by a growing belief that the laws are a barrier to implementation of the Council of Ireland. At a recent annual conference of the SDLP in the north, a resolution was passed "deploring the continued en-

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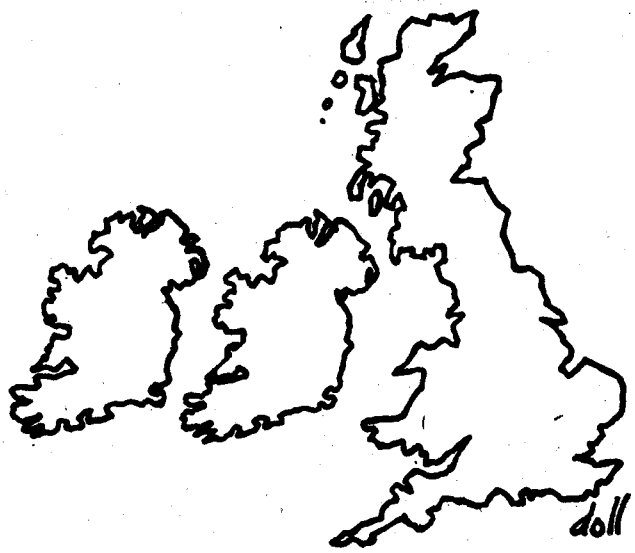
shrinement of exclusively Catholic moral codes in the laws of the Irish Republic and reaffirming its belief in the creation of a truly pluralistic society." "If our policy to end the domination of one political tradition over another is good for the north," argued one delegate, "then it is also good for the south."

The opening battle for pluralism in the Republic has centered on the contraceptive laws. It is being waged in a particularly un-Irish fashion, reflecting the influence of American reform movement tactics and judicial activism. Attacks on the laws have been made simultaneously in legislative and judicial forums, and the main figures are two young women, Mary Robinson and Mary McGee.

Last fall, Mrs. Robinson, a Senator and a barrister with a degree from Harvard Law School, introduced a bill to make contraceptives available from drugstores and hospitals on a doctor's prescription. The bill immediately drew the fire of the Catholic Church. Although a liberal priest, Fr. James Good, had been urging publicly that the Irish church follow the lead of the Indonesian bishops who have condoned the use of contraceptives under certain circumstances, the conservative Irish hierarchy took an orthodox position. In a carefully worded statement, the Irish bishops conceded that the state was not bound to forbid what the Church considered to be morally wrong, but argued that the bill went beyond private morality and therefore the Church was bound to speak out. "Experience elsewhere indicates," they stated, "that where the sale of contraceptives is legalized, marital infidelity increases, the birth of children outside of wedlock (surprising as it may seem) increases, there is a marked increase in the incidence of venereal disease, and the use of contraceptives tends to spread rapidly among unmarried people."

A spirited debate has raged in the press. A series of articles in the *Irish Times* examined statistics from other European countries and found no relationship between the legalization of contraceptives and rates of abortion, venereal disease and illegitimacy. Catholic groups pointed to conditions in Sweden and the United States, those paradigms of licentiousness and permissiveness, and asked whether Ireland wanted to go that way. A group of young married women from Cork formed an organization to fight the bill, which they said threatened the harmony of Irish homes and the stability of Irish marriages. On the other side, a young woman wrote that after her sixth baby and seventh pregnancy in eight years, she was told if she wanted to limit her family, "Use your self-control. Put your husband in another bedroom," until she found a priest who told her, "Look, go ahead. Do whatever you wish and don't tell it in confession."

Polls showed 70 per cent of doctors but only about one-third of the public favored changes in the contraceptive laws, and the Robinson bill seemed doomed. Then on December 19, the Irish Supreme Court decided a case brought by a mother of four, Mrs. Mary McGee, to forbid the seizure of contraceptive jelly which she had ordered from London on the advice of her doctor that another pregnancy would endanger her life. The Court ruled that the laws forbidding importation of contraceptives are unconstitutional. Influenced by the U.S. Supreme Court's 1965 decision in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* which held that state anti-contraceptive laws violated a constitutional right of privacy, the Irish Court stated that "it is a matter exclusively for the husband and wife to decide how many children they wish to have," and that "it is outside the authority of the state to endeavor to intrude into the privacy of the husband and wife relationship for the sake of imposing a code of private morality upon that husband and wife which they do not desire."



Irish Independent (Dublin)

The *McGee* decision is a judicial landmark whose impact on Ireland could be comparable to the U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision. Although the Irish Constitution provides for judicial review, the power has been used sparingly by the Irish courts whose English-influenced tradition has not been receptive to the American style of judicial activism. In *McGee*, the Court was willing to read a right of privacy into vague constitutional clauses and to strike down laws passed by the majority which interfere with rights of the minority. It conveys the clear message that when constitutional rights of a minority are involved, pluralism is demanded by the Irish Constitution.

Although the *McGee* decision might be expected to pave the way for passage of the Robinson bill, Catholic traditionalism does not die so easily in Ireland. In February, the government announced that it would introduce a more restrictive bill of its own, and the Senate tabled further action on the Robinson bill. The government bill would permit sale of contraceptives only to married persons, a restriction of doubtful constitutionality which would certainly lead to another court case. Despite a surprising private survey which shows that 57 per cent of women between 15 and 45 years of age now favor repeal of the ban on contraceptives and that an additional 12 per cent favor limited repeal, neither of the major political parties has been willing to go on record in favor of contraceptive reform. The government has announced that it will not make the vote on its bill a party issue, thus shying away from lending the weight of its majority to passage. Strong Church lobbying against contraceptive reform is continuing, and the outcome is still uncertain.

The constitutional ban on divorce will probably be

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the next battleground for pluralism in the Republic. Father Good has concluded that "every four Irish marriages end—not in divorce, because we have not got it —but in disaster: a disaster that is desertion or wife-beating or sexual rejection or silence and general non-communication." Senator Noel Browne, a long-time crusader for liberal causes, charges that "the Irish divorce is the easiest, cheapest, and most hurtful, callous and irresponsible in the world—a single ticket to Liverpool [for the deserting husband]." However, change in the divorce laws would require a constitutional amendment by a referendum and, because of the Church's influence in a referendum, only such limited changes as permitting divorce when a marriage has been dissolved by Church law or granting full recognition of foreign divorces seem likely in the near future.

One cause of Protestant alienation in Ireland has been the Catholic Church's requirement that the non-Catholic partner in a mixed marriage promise that the children will be raised as Catholics. This is said to be a major reason for the continuing decline in the Protestant population in the Republic, and the Anglican Bishop of Limerick has observed that Protestants often hesitate to involve themselves fully in community life because of their fear of the outcome of mixed marriage. A hopeful sign is a recent Church announcement of an ecumenical conference on mixed marriages in Ireland next September, which noted that if the Sunningdale Agreement is to be successful, "the Irish churches should also be contributing towards reconciliation."

Education has also been a principal cause for distrust of the Republic by northern Protestants. State-supported education in the Republic is almost entirely in the hands of the religions which, in a 95 per cent Catholic country, means the Catholic religion. The state pays parishes, convents and orders to operate national schools, and exercises limited control over curriculum. Sectarian education is probably too firmly imbedded to be substantially undercut or replaced. The most likely reform in the near future is increased state control over religious national schools as contained in a pilot program recently introduced in Dublin whereby a Christian Brothers secondary school agreed, in return for a larger state building grant, to a new board of management including Department of Education representatives and to coeducation.

Perhaps the most notorious of Ireland's sectarian laws are those governing censorship. Introduced in 1929, the laws established a five-man board to censor books, periodicals, and movies with the power to ban them for "indecency" or for providing information on or advocacy of birth control. At one time or another almost every good modern writer has had a book banned. There was a major overhaul of the censorship laws in 1967. Five thousand books were unbanned, ban orders were limited to twelve years, immediate appeals were provided, and changes in the board brought in members with more liberal attitudes. Today, very little other than books expressly aimed at the pornography market are banned, although movie censorship is stricter than in most Western countries. Censorship in the south is now no more severe than in Northern Ireland, where fundamentalist Protestant attitudes have also prevented a free access to sex-related media, but its history still remains in the memories of many Protestants as an example of the anti-libertarian attitudes of the southern state.

Although the Republic's sectarian laws are often distasteful to Protestants in the south, they have not generally been discriminatory against them. A provision in the Constitution which spoke of the "special position" of the Catholic Church "as the guardian of the Faith professed by the majority of the citizens" was removed after a national referendum in 1972. The Constitution forbids religious discrimination, and the record on this score is excellent. Protestant churches flourish and, in contrast to the north, there is virtually no religious discrimination in civil service, government services or private employment. Protestants, a considerable number of them descendants of the old English ruling class, are generally in the higher economic brackets and are active in banking, commercial and industrial enterprises. The President of the Republic, Erskine Childers, is a Protestant, and a significant number of Protestants are in Parliament, the judiciary and civil service. The fact that Protestants have prospered in the Republic should help to assuage some northern Protestant fears of closer union with the south.

Discrimination is the principal residue of Protestant separatism in Northern Ireland, and Catholics in both north and south will be watching the actions of the new coalition Executive to see if it really has the will to grapple with it in all its manifestations. Changes in civil service appointments, distribution of government benefits, police hiring and administration, and private employment are essentials. Dismantling of the trappings of Protestant Ascendancy in such matters as state holidays and celebrations would help to reduce Catholic feelings of alienation. Consideration of the economic problems of the largely lower-class Catholic community is badly needed. Finally, as normal conditions begin to return to Northern Ireland, police state practices like brutal methods of interrogation and internment without trial (some 500 persons are still interned, 90 per cent of them Catholics) must be ended. The re-establishment of normal civil liberties is a critical step in developing the kind of society which respects minority rights in both states of Ireland.

The rhetoric of Sunningdale must now be converted into action. One is reminded of the story of the flamboyant Irish boxer, Jack Doyle, who declared on landing in the United States for a fight in the 1930s: "I will fight like Dempsey and sing like Caruso." After the fight, a sportswriter commented, "Unfortunately, Mr. Doyle sings like Dempsey and fights like Caruso." The Irish politicians are not going to find it easy to deliver on Sunningdale, and the odds are still against the Council of Ireland developing into more than a consultative body with some joint law-enforcement functions. But a new pluralistic Ireland may well be a necessity if the two religious communities are ever to live in peace together, and every Irishman, north and south, is challenged to match his admirable devotion to his faith and pride in his traditions with a spirit of accommodation, tolerance and understanding. □

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THE COUNTERFORCE STRATEGY

Making Nuclear War 'Thinkable'

MICHAEL T. KLARE

With none of the fanfare that greeted John Foster Dulles' famous "Massive Retaliation" speech of January 1954, Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger on January 10, 1974 announced an equally momentous shift in U.S. defense policy. While Massive Retaliation assumes that U.S. security can be assured by maintaining an invulnerable "second-strike" capability that would level an aggressor's cities and factories in case of an attack on the United States, Schlesinger's new "Counterforce" doctrine holds that we must have a partial first-strike capability to destroy enemy missile silos and other retaliatory systems in the event of a future superpower confrontation. Noting that both sides now have more than enough weapons to "bash" each other's cities in a future conflict, Schlesinger argued that a President may balk at ordering such a "suicidal" course in the face of hypothetical Soviet provocations, and that it is necessary therefore to seek more "credible" options. "The range of circumstances in which an all-out strike against an opponent's cities can be contemplated has narrowed considerably," and thus the Pentagon has formulated "targeting options which are more selective and which do not necessarily involve major mass destruction on the other side."

Although some strategists have lauded the new arms system as a "humane" alternative to Massive Retaliation, many experts believe that the Schlesinger doctrine increases rather than lowers the risk that future conflicts will result in thermonuclear devastation. By providing "intermediate" steps short of all-out attack on enemy cities, it is argued, the new strategy makes a first-strike nuclear attack more practical and attractive than ever before. Thus if both sides possess a counterforce capability, *only* the side which strikes first can be assured that its second-strike retaliatory forces will survive. Further, by stressing the increased *usability* of nuclear weapons in "non-cataclysmic" scenarios, the new doctrine expands (at least theoretically) the range of situations in which nuclear weapons could "rationally" be used.

The adoption of a Counterforce doctrine, according to Schlesinger, is a *fait accompli*—U.S. Minuteman ICBMs have already been "retargeted" to provide a "set of selective options against different sets of targets," including military targets. But the future safety of the U.S. nuclear force can be assured, he added, only if the United States deploys new strategic weapons to offset anticipated advances in Soviet missile development. These weapons programs are expensive: in the fiscal year 1975 Defense budget, the Pentagon has allocated $7.6 billion for procurement of strategic weapons and $8.4 billion for research and development (much of it devoted to strategic programs), a combined increase of $2.1 billion over 1974. This "surge" in defense spending will be used to develop a series of new strategic systems—including larger warheads, a mobile ICBM, a new ballistic missile submarine, aircraft-launched "cruise" missiles—that will *each* cost many billions of dollars if a decision is made to acquire them in quantity. Thus, the survival of the Counterforce doctrine now rests with Congress, which must decide on the validity of the overall concept as well as its many component systems. Before discussing these strategic options, it is necessary to review the evolution and structure of the U.S. nuclear capability.

Until 1974, U.S. strategy was based on the principle of "Assured Destruction"—i.e., the maintenance of a retaliatory capability secure enough to survive an enemy's first-strike attack and *then* cause unacceptable damage to his industries and urban centers. (During the first Nixon Administration, this principle was sometimes expressed as maintenance of Sufficiency in strategic power.) With both sides in possession of such a capability, the nuclear arms race was stabilized in a condition of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD)—the contemporary equivalent of Churchill's "balance of terror" concept—that has discouraged the initiation of nuclear war for more than two decades.

As its share of MAD, America's strategic nuclear capability currently consists of a "Triad" system of manned bombers, land-based missiles and submarine-launched missiles, each of which is intended to provide a reliable second-strike capability independently of the others. This "redundancy" of strategic weaponry is designed to provide a hedge against future Soviet technological advances that might neutralize the effectiveness of one or two U.S. retaliatory systems.

Although no scientist or informed layman would doubt that military technology will continue to develop, both here and in Russia, one premise that has not been questioned is that for at least the next ten to fifteen years America's missile submarine fleet will provide a retaliatory system able to survive a Soviet first-strike attack and still cause unacceptable damage to the Russian heartland. Former CIA official Herbert Scoville, Jr. asserted in 1972: "No evidence has yet been presented that the Russian ASW [anti-submarine warfare] program could present a threat to the Polaris deterrent in the next decade. . . . The U.S. has spent tens of billions of dollars on ASW efforts over the past twenty years and still does not have any system that could even begin to approach the kind of capability that would be needed to eliminate twenty to thirty missile submarines almost simultaneously." The Russians, moreover, "are far behind the United States in this area, and they have the serious geographical disadvantage of remoteness from and unavailability of land areas contiguous to the oceans in which their ASW systems would have to operate."

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Although some Defense officials argue that the USSR *might*, given a crash research program of $10 billion to $20 billion lasting a decade or so, develop an advanced ASW system capable of posing some threat to U.S. missile submarines, no one has suggested that such a system could conceivably locate and destroy all forty-one Polaris subs *simultaneously*. And, as noted by Dr. Scoville, "Even one missile submarine can launch 160 warheads at separate industrial centers in the USSR, an attack that the Russians could not afford even if the United States had been annihilated." Thus, if Assured Destruction were the sole rationale for America's strategic arsenal, the missile submarine fleet alone would provide a more than adequate deterrent capability, and the deployment of other nuclear systems must be attributed to other considerations.

Military strategists and foreign policy analysts have long recognized that the possession of nuclear weapons provides certain diplomatic and political benefits beyond their purely military function. This added leverage accrues from predominantly psychological factors —the awe and fear that are inspired by such potent weapons—and so in assessing their effectiveness one cannot use precise technical standards. Even though one superpower may have sufficient ICBMs to insure destruction of an enemy which has ten times as many (thus satisfying the requirement for assured retaliation), the two powers are not considered "equal" by either policy maker or private citizen. "Outside the narrow circle of the technical experts," Edward Luttwak wrote in 1972, "the balance of power is not measured in operational terms. Gross numbers and crude qualitative factors provide the only indices of strategic power which are widely recognized. . . ." By possessing "more"—however irrelevant to deterrent capabilities—a superpower is considered to have leverage in international relations over the power having "less." Thus, Moscow's "retreat" in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 is widely attributed to U.S. overall superiority in nuclear arms.

During most of the post-World War II era, the United States has possessed "more" by every measurable standard of comparison—more bombers, more missiles, more warheads. This fact largely explains the confidence with which American policy makers entered into overseas defense commitments (the United States is now pledged to provide at least some assistance in the event of war to more than seventy-five foreign nations) and committed U.S. forces to combat roles abroad. By 1968, however, America's nuclear advantage was beginning to fade, and consequently its leadership in the global arena came into question for the first time since World War II.

After the Cuban missile crisis, and throughout the build-up for the war in Vietnam, Russia poured tremendous resources into the expansion of its strategic missile inventory. The Soviet pace was impressive: whereas the United States had an approximate four-to-one advantage in ICBMs between 1962 and 1966, its superiority was cut in half in 1967 and had dropped to equality by 1969, when both sides had about 1,050 launchers. Since 1970, the Soviet Union has had a clear advantage in the number of ICBM launchers (though not in warheads), and Defense Department analysts believe that this lead would have reached a two-to-one superiority by 1975 if the build-up hadn't been halted by SALT I.

Although the Soviet missile build-up never threatened the survival of the U.S. deterrent capability, it did threaten U.S. dominance in the global political arena, and thus was regarded as a grave threat to overall U.S. security. In a passage characteristic of the pre-SALT hysteria, James D. Hessman provided this assessment of the strategic balance in *Armed Forces Journal*:

> [Since 1945] the U.S. nuclear arsenal has been greatly expanded and refined, but what was then a monopoly has been reduced in gradual stages to overwhelming superiority, to marginal superiority, to "parity" and finally to the current "sufficiency." By 1975, moreover, according to present estimates . . . the USSR will have reversed a once-formidable U.S. advantage and will enjoy an almost two-to-one margin in strategic nuclear missiles. Whether U.S. "sufficiency" at that time will be sufficient to deter Soviet nuclear blackmail—is a speculative question at best.

The notion that an unfavorable strategic balance would somehow render the United States vulnerable to Soviet "blackmail" was based on the premise that America's failure to maintain its thermonuclear lead was a sign of the weakening of our "national will." "If we allow our *superior strength* to become *second best*," Richard Nixon asserted during his 1968 Presidential campaign, "in time we will generate tensions which could lead to war; first, *by our display of physical weakness and flabby will*, and, second, by tempting an aggressor to take risks that would compel us to respond." (Emphasis added.)

For Nixon, always alert to the shifting calculus of power, "second best" status in strategic power (i.e., in the world's *perception* of that power) was unacceptable. Thus, in discussing the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, he remarked, "We saw what it meant to the Soviets when they were second."

The political implications of strategic superiority are equally clear to Secretary of State Kissinger, who has made no secret of the fact that U.S. willingness to negotiate a "stable structure of peace" with the USSR is contingent upon continued U.S. superiority in strategic weaponry. Nixon and Kissinger are determined to enhance America's strategic position vis-à-vis the USSR and thence to exploit the political leverage afforded by that nuclear superiority. This determination has materialized in two major thrusts: the strategic arms limitations talks in Helsinki and Vienna which culminated in the SALT agreements of 1972, and the development of new offensive strategic weapons leading to the acquisition of a Counterforce capability. [See "MaRVing the MIRVs" by Robert C. Aldridge on facing page.]

When signed in Moscow on May 26, 1972, the SALT agreements were hailed by President Nixon as "tangible evidence that mankind need not live forever in the dark shadow of nuclear war"; subsequent events have shown, however, that the content of the accords was dictated more by U.S. diplomatic and military objectives than by a desire for disarmament and peace. The agreements themselves consist of two separate, but linked, accords: the Treaty on the Limitation of Anti-Ballistic Missile Systems (ABM Treaty), and the Interim Agreements on

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MaRVing THE MIRVs

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

"Foolish or dangerous or both" is how Rep. Les Aspin of Wisconsin describes an intensified military interest in the Maneuvering Re-entry Vehicle (MaRV). It is not a new idea. The military and its contractors have been toying with a maneuvering capacity for years and the necessary technology is unfolding. But since the implementation of SALT I any reference to this work in connection with a specific weapons system—such as Trident—was highly classified until Representative Aspin released it in January. To understand why the Pentagon should wish to keep any knowledge of MaRV developments from the American people—and insofar as it can, from the Russian military—it is necessary to review the carefully calculated deployment of forces on which SALT I depends.

This agreement, specifically designed to make the consequences of nuclear aggression unacceptable to both Russians and Americans, addresses itself to two species of weapons. The first of these is the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM), a defensive weapon designed to intercept incoming re-entry bodies. The United States and Russia are each limited to two ABM deployment areas—one to protect the capital city and the other to guard one underground silo complex containing assault weapons. A site may contain only 100 ABM launchers, each capable of firing only one missile with one warhead. This means that each country is allowed only 200 interceptors against possible attack.

But regarding nuclear attack weapons, SALT I regulates only the number of missiles and the number of missile-launching submarines and underground silos. There is no limit on the number of re-entry vehicles that can be carried per missile. Thus, the real importance of the SALT I agreement is that both countries tacitly admit that nuclear war is no longer a reasonable option. Since it was signed, the Russians have begun MIRV testing (which they are entitled to do under the terms of the agreement), and this has provided our military with propaganda for advancing their own projects. But for practical calculations, such activity on either side is irrelevant. We are now able to destroy Russia's urban and industrial areas thirty-four times over; they can destroy ours thirteen times. If we halved our capability and they doubled theirs, it would make no difference—total destruction is total destruction and multiples of totality have only rhetorical reality.

But with the introduction of MaRVs the situation radically changes. MIRVs are area assault weapons. Either nation can launch them and destroy the other nation, but it cannot hope to hit more than a few of the opponent's MIRVs, emplaced in silos and on submarines at sea. Thus its "victory" will last only for the period of minutes until the retaliatory MIRVs arrive. The "scenario" for any nuclear attack in such circumstances is the annihilation of both nations. But MaRVs can be guided right to the particular target; they can destroy the MIRVs in their silos and beneath the sea, and deprive the receiving nation of its retaliatory force. Thus the possibility of an unanswerable first strike is reintroduced into the planning for nuclear war.

During August of 1972 some articles appeared in the general press concerning a switch by the Department of Defense from deterrence to a first-strike capability, this being signaled by a move toward weapons of much greater accuracy with warheads of higher kiloton yield. Existing weapons were accurate enough and powerful enough to devastate urban and industrial centers to a degree unacceptable to any nation. What, then, was the need for these new, very expensive, very provocative devices if not to destroy hardened underground silos or sea-based submarine launchers? So after those few days in the summer of 1972, the public could read no more about this new first-strike offensive goal. A Department of Defense spokesman brushed off accusations by stating that the idea was merely to knock out hardened enemy command posts in a retaliatory strike—that there were no plans *at present* for seeking a first-strike capability. But he did not deny that this new development would allow some future President the option of waging nuclear war. There was no further discussion in the press.

Another name for MaRV that is commonly used in the Advanced Ballistic Re-Entry Systems (ABRES) program administered by the Air Force is EVADER. The name implies that this missile will be able to evade enemy interceptors and then return to course. That sounds plausible until one realizes that the defending nation has only 200 ABMs, whereas SALT I allows the United States 1,710 assault missiles with no limitation on the number of warheads per missile. If the Department of Defense were truly thinking along deterrent lines, why is such an expensive effort being made to evade 200 interceptors? According to current deployment, 4,100 warheads would still get through.

The Air Force has pointed out in committee hearings that only $17.1 million (*only*) will be allocated from the ABRES budget in fiscal 1974 to study maneuvering vehicles. However, this does not take into consideration that $49.8 million of Trident's funding for that year will also be used for the purpose. And now Representative Aspin has sounded the alarm on observing in the Pentagon's latest research and development report that a whopping $250 million will be asked for MaRV in the next fiscal year.

Some study of MaRV under the ABRES program is not considered a violation of the agreement, reasonable technological research being expected in case SALT I is not renegotiated five years from now. But a quarter-billion dollar budget looks like more than a paper study—especially when ABRES is providing test booster rockets to the Navy's MaRV development program. The Pentagon states: "There is no plan to deploy a MaRV on target *at this time* nor, in fact, to enter full engineering development" (emphasis added). Naturally, the military dislikes any public discussion of MaRV; its very concept mocks the name of the Department of Defense, and if the country ever grasped what was at stake, there would be an uproar. Americans do not like to think of themselves as threatening annihilation to any other country, and certainly they do not relish the notion of being annihilated themselves. But supposing our citizens remain unaware of what is going on, there is no reason to expect that the Russians will be inattentive. Their response may well be to scrap the SALT achievements and kick off a whole new round of nuclear threat and counter-threat.

Robert Aldridge, an aerospace engineer, has worked sixteen years on the Polaris/Poseidon/Trident defense projects, as well as in ABRES research. He recently gave up that position because of conscientious objection to current trends in the field of weaponry.

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Certain Measures with Respect of the Limitation of Strategic Offensive Arms (the Interim Agreement).

Although some critics of the SALT agreements, notably Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington, contend that the Interim Agreement grants "superiority" to the Soviets by permitting them a numerical advantage in missile launchers, most military analysts agree that SALT I has improved the U.S. strategic position by halting the growth in Soviet missile forces while placing no restrictions on key U.S. modernization programs like MIRV (multiple warhead) technology and the Trident missile submarine. This evaluation was confirmed in 1973 by the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Adm. Thomas Moorer, who told the Senate Armed Services Committee that the SALT accords "clearly constitute a major step in our efforts to slow the momentum of the USSR strategic build-up." Moorer noted the Soviet advantage in numbers of launchers and in missile "throw weight" (warhead payload), but added: "The United States still has a substantial advantage in other areas of key importance to the overall strategic balance—e.g., missile accuracy, MIRVs, submarine quietness, sonars and numbers of bombers and bomber payload." This estimate is not immediately affected by the recent Soviet tests of MIRVed missiles: according to Secretary Schlesinger, Moscow is not expected to have a fully operational MIRV missile force *in place* before 1980. In fact, most experts agree that, because of its lead in MIRV, America will enjoy a relative strategic advantage throughout the life of the accords and long thereafter.

SALT I was initially viewed as a preliminary agreement, to be followed by a second round of talks, SALT II, that would lead to more comprehensive controls on strategic nuclear forces. When the 1972 accords were signed in Moscow, there was considerable optimism among arms control experts that the "good will" thus generated would expedite progress on a more advanced agreement under SALT II. Such hopes were short-lived, however, for President Nixon quickly ordered an acceleration of key strategic programs, particularly Trident, and disbanded the team of arms control experts that had worked out the SALT I accords. (Nixon's choice for the new head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Fred C. Iklé, is known to favor the acquisition of new strategic weapons.) At the same time, Moscow initiated tests of new ICBMs—including MIRVed missiles—thus supporting the arguments of some alarmists who feared a Soviet bid for true parity in the nuclear arms race. By the beginning of 1974, any lingering hopes that SALT II—now under way—would be followed by meaningful negotiations were extinguished when the Nixon Administration announced the adoption of a Counterforce strategy.

The new defense doctrine adopts the premise that Mutual Assured Destruction provides a false security, that the very "unthinkability" of all-out nuclear war might induce an aggressor to launch a *limited* nuclear strike, using only a small fraction of its weapons and hitting military targets only, in the belief that the victim would not retaliate, lest a second, *full-scale* attack destroy its cities. In order to deter a limited attack, Schlesinger argues, we must have a capability to launch just such an attack ourselves. "In the pursuit of symmetry," he told the Overseas Writers Association on January 10, "we cannot allow the Soviets unilaterally to obtain a counterforce option which we ourselves lack. We must have a symmetrical balancing of the strategic forces on both sides."

Along with this argument goes the belief that, given the increased plausibility of limited nuclear strikes, we must be prepared to accept the increased *usability* of thermonuclear weapons as an instrument of national policy. This assumption, which can be traced to the early strategic writings of Henry Kissinger (see *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, 1957), has become established Administration doctrine. Thus Iklé told the Joint Harvard-M.I.T. Arms Control Seminar in February that Americans have acquiesced in the "genocidal" nature of Massive Retaliation for so long "only by thinking that the weapons will never be used." Yet, he noted, "we have to keep in mind that the usability of nuclear weapons is built into them. *Our moral conscience*, therefore, *ought to be concerned with this fact of usability*." (Emphasis added.) Iklé then proposed a flexible Counterforce capability to provide a "last chance" option before resort to mutual devastation in future nuclear wars.

Although these arguments have only recently been voiced, the decision to proceed with Counterforce capability had been made by mid-1972, when the Administration decided to develop new warheads capable of destroying hardened Soviet ICBM sites. This "historic shift" in U.S. strategic planning was initiated, according to William Beecher, within months or even weeks of the signing of the SALT accords. It followed an intensive policy review by a "top level interdepartmental group" formed by Henry Kissinger (then Nixon's adviser on National Security Affairs) to "come up with additional nuclear war options." (The adoption of a Counterforce strategy was in fact first proposed by former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara in June 1962—but no decision was made at that time on development of new weapons.) In his "State of the World" address of May 1973, Nixon stated that "to deal with a wide range of possible hostile actions, the President must maintain a broad choice of options." No details of the new "choice of options" were provided, however, and it was not until Schlesinger's press conference of January 10 of this year that the public learned that a strategic shift had already taken place.

As explained by Schlesinger in subsequent statements, the new strategy is to go forward in two stages. In the first, already under way, some U.S. ICBMs are being "retargeted" to strike at Soviet missile sites and other strategic systems rather than civilian targets. In the second stage, set for the late 1970s and early 1980, the United States will deploy new strategic weapons designed specifically to attack "hardened" military targets like missile silos and underground command centers. Since existing U.S. weapons are intended primarily for "soft" targets (cities, factories, troop concentrations, shipyards, etc.), considerable modification of the U.S. nuclear arsenal is imperative.

A "hard target" strike capability, as envisioned by Schlesinger, can be achieved by three basic methods: first, by improving missile accuracy so as to assure a direct hit (which would knock out the launchers no matter how

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strong the shielding); second, by raising missile yield sufficiently to assure incapacitation even if accuracy is low; and third, by increasing the number of incoming warheads to the point where missile defenses are overwhelmed. The United States, it now appears, will pursue all three techniques: according to military trade journals, the Pentagon will acquire a Counterforce capability through all or most of the following steps:

¶U.S. Minuteman ICBMs will be fitted with new warheads providing much greater yield than existing warheads.

¶Some ICBMs will be equipped with a maneuverable re-entry vehicle (MaRV) that can alter course after re-entry into the earth's atmosphere in order to elude enemy ABM missiles, and to provide enhanced accuracy.

¶All Minuteman and Trident missiles will be equipped with a "stellar inertial guidance system" (SIG) and other improvements to achieve the required accuracy. (Submerged submarines cannot determine their location with complete certainty, and thus existing missiles cannot be used for Counterforce purposes: the SIG warheads, however, can correct their trajectory by taking a "fix" on the stars once outside the earth's atmosphere.)

¶Work has begun on a nuclear-tipped "cruise missile" that can be fired by conventional submarines or jumbo planes. Such missiles (in effect, unmanned jet planes like the German V-1) could fly 1,000 to 1,500 miles in very low trajectories that would be virtually invisible to standard anti-missile radars.

¶The Air Force will develop mobile ICBMs that could be moved frequently to prevent their being "fixed" by enemy reconnaissance satellites. (The United States publicly "outlawed" mobile ICBMs in its unilateral appendix to the SALT accords; this has not, however, deterred the Air Force from requesting funds to develop such weapons.)

¶The Navy will begin work on a small, fast submarine powered by the quiet "Narwhal" reactor. It will carry Trident missiles, but in smaller quantities than the larger Trident submarine.

Administration officials insist that most of these programs are still in the conceptual stage and can be scrapped if the United States and the Soviet Union agree on a new arms pact at SALT II; by the same token, however, these programs can be accelerated if the talks fail to produce that new agreement. "If [the SALT] negotiations fail," Nixon told Congress recently, "the United States must be prepared to increase its forces quickly and effectively."

Since Soviet defense planners must—like their American brethren—prepare for "worst case" contingencies, the announcement of new U.S. strategic programs is certain to induce the USSR to expand its own strategic forces, thereby "justifying" the planned U.S. build-up. All this will almost certainly guarantee the failure of SALT II and precipitate a costly and dangerous new round in the nuclear arms race.

Military supremacy, in an era of growing technological sophistication and increased arms spending on the part of potential adversaries, does not come cheaply. On February 4, the President asked Congress for a record $92.6 billion in new military funds, and a supplemental appropriation of $6.2 billion to cover excess 1973-74 spending. In approving the new budget, Secretary Schlesinger reportedly told aides that he welcomes the harsh debate that is certain to be launched in Congress when the budget is presented. "Mr. Schlesinger's aim," *The New York Times* reported, "is said to be to stir sustained debate on America's military needs now that 'the Vietnam war is behind us.'"

Since, in this period of price increases, fuel shortages and growing unemployment, most Americans are concerned more with domestic issues than with the global

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balance of power, the Pentagon can stir up interest in greater U.S. arms spending only by generating a "missile-gap" hysteria similar to that of the 1950s and early 1960s. Undoubtedly nothing would be more attractive to Nixon than such a debate, which could easily be nourished with "leaks" and scare stories in order to detract public attention from political scandals and mounting economic problems. (With respect to the latter, Administration officials are already hinting to selected Congressmen that increased defense spending will mean more jobs and income for the hard-pressed aerospace industry.)

Such a debate is certain, however, to increase rivalry between superpowers and thus end any hope for meaningful negotiation on strategic arms limitations or force reductions in Europe. And unless Congress can effectively resist the Pentagon's scare campaign, the new strategic build-up will inescapably launch a costly new cycle in the nuclear arms race and ultimately undermine the principle of deterrence which until now has prevented the outbreak of thermonuclear war. □

STUDENTS AND LANDLORDS

THE BOOM-TOWN CAMPUS

RONNIE DUGGER

Austin, Tex.

Nothing is so obviously necessary for good college education as that the student body be of reasonable size. If a place has too many students, you get the "massclass"—hundreds of faces arrayed in front of one teacher; there is much less chance for the students to know and learn personally from their teachers; more and more of the teaching is done by the students. Ciphers in a horde, the students compete for living space, parking space, thinking space. At meal hours the cafeterias, cafés and restaurants around and on the campus are jammed and unpleasant. The real estate around the campus becomes earthen gold; there is no place to park; only the better-off students can live nearby, and the poorest walk, bicycle, or bus back and forth long ways, losing time and, somewhere along the way, the feel of belonging.

The size of a campus is one test of the quality of university education and the University of Texas at Austin has failed it. The regents and their subordinates, the top administrators, ignored and defied every faculty and student demand for control of enrollment until the consequences converged in crushed-together chaos. The reason was clear. The regents were business, not education; the administrators were the agents, not of the faculty and students but of the business class; and some of the business interests opposed enrollment limitation as if it were an unpatriotic plot.

Enrollment limitation is painful for a public university because the need for it makes explicit the conflict between democracy and meritocracy. For the mass mess that U.T. became there could be no relief except a limit to the student body, but on what basis do you exclude: academic standards, tests (if so which ones?), or "random selection" from among those who meet routine requirements? The administerium professed to be wringing hands over these alternatives, but for the administrators, board of regents Chairman Frank Erwin's opposition to any enrollment limit was the gravest difficulty.

A faculty leader said, "The resistance is entirely political . . . public reaction . . . the legislature . . . the chamber of commerce, the local real estate board, all the merchants . . . . Erwin and [U.T. President Norman] Hackerman looked me in the eye and told me, 'It can't be done in Texas.' "

The U.T. system's chancellor, Harry Ransom, tried to take both sides, opposing the university's becoming "a rabbit warren" and also opposing an overall ceiling on enrollment. (Only particular programs should have ceilings, though "sooner or later" there would have to be a limit.) He knew what was what, but he was an academic politician, and as one of the faculty liberals said, "Even Harry didn't lift a finger to control enrollment."

Hackerman said in the spring of 1970 that limiting enrollment "will limit the [legislative] appropriation automatically" (it's based on enrollment), and the problems a ceiling would create "may be worse than the cure." This was a puzzling argument—that one reason for stuffing more students into the bulging school was to get a larger budget. There was, however, still another reason.

West of the campus a few blocks from the mall, University Village, Inc., a commercial enterprise, was developing three or four blocks of high-rise dorms and shopping and parking facilities. Its three original incorporators in 1968 were all members of the law firm of which Erwin was the most important partner. The profits of University Village depend directly on large student enrollment, and the planned expansion assumed that it would continue to increase. A week before the students arrived in the fall of 1970, the enterprise had only two apartments and two rooms left vacant in all its properties. In the preceding four years, with Erwin chairman of the regents, the enrollment had increased by about 15,000 to 39,000.

University Village was chartered to acquire real estate, build houses, apartment hotels, "complexes" and "business buildings," and to rent, lease, sell, mortgage and finance real property. A related partnership was also organized by Erwin's three law partners the next year, University Village, Ltd. The initial address of both was Erwin's law

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firm. Richard Colley of Corpus Christi, an architect for these enterprises, was understood to be a close friend of Erwin.

The University Village properties included Hardin House North, a high-rise for co-eds, Hardin North parking garage and various other apartment houses and residences. The group wanted to build a 315-room hotel, an office building, "town houses," apartments for U.T. faculty and staff and "compounds for poor students."

Richard Hardin was one of the two managing partners. His brother was secretary of the Texas Senate for many years, and Hardin knew his way to the lobby. At University Village he was "the man on the ground." As he saw it, U.T. was University Village and University Village was U.T. Of University Village's ten partners he said, "They're all Texas exes. They got a fond spot in their heart for old U.T. They want to do something nice." At Hardin House North they had twenty-four-hour secretarial service, special supervision for freshman girls only, and a check-in and check-out service on males visiting the girls in their soundproof apartments. According to the literature, not only did the girls' rooms have luxurious carpets and drapes, Scandinavian furniture, walk-in closets; they shared a swimming pool, a sun deck, a library, lounge study area, chapel. Who needs residential colleges? The university is a village and everybody loves the village.

The mortgage lenders might envision an enrollment of 58,000 by 1975, Hardin said, but he insisted, in defiance of the most rudimentary principle of self-interest, "our people's philosophy is, we don't care if it grows or it's more of the same." He granted, however, "When we gave our [mortgage] lenders our information, it included enrollment projections."

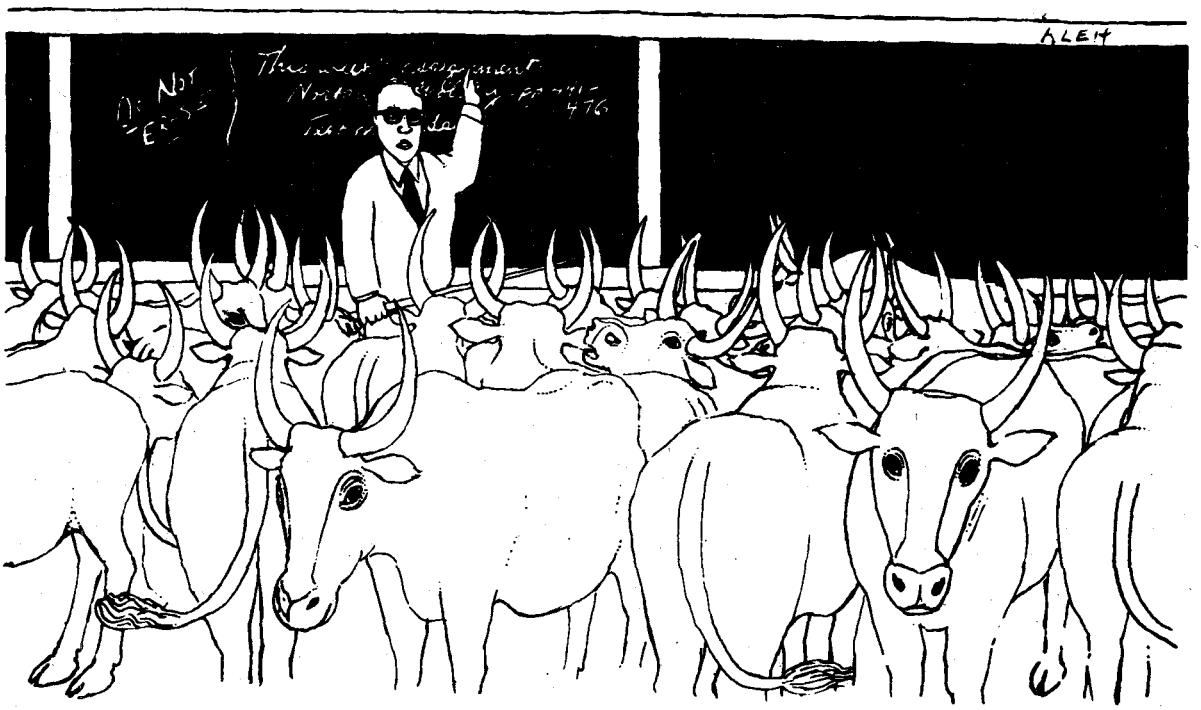
"I guess I'd heard of Frank Erwin," said Hardin of the regents chairman. Hardin's position was that University Village had never been represented by Erwin: its lawyer had been Richard Baker, who happened then to join Erwin's firm. Sometimes they used Jay Brown, the first lawyer listed in the same firm. They never used Erwin himself.

Once five or six years earlier, Hardin had asked Erwin "if he wouldn't just say hello to the guys," the guys being prospective mortgage lenders. "I just happened to catch Mr. Erwin in his office and asked him if he could tell them anything." Hardin added, "I think he must have just felt sorry for us." The conversation, according to Hardin, went on as follows: "Well, what do you want to do?" "Well, Mr. Erwin, where do I get some dope from the university?" He smiled. "Look, why don't you go see Graves Landrum and tell him what your problems are." Landrum is a U.T. business officer. The group went right along to see him.

"Erwin's never done a damn thing except that one time he picked up the phone and said, 'See what you can do to help them,' five or six years ago," Hardin said. "Erwin's never done a damn thing for me—I wish he had. On the rare occasions when I've been able to ask him a question —catch him in the elevator, next to the hall—he has always been courteous, he has always been friendly. He was nice to me long before Dick Baker joined that law firm and I was doing any business with him."

Erwin had no ownership interest in University Village, Hardin said, and University Village did not pay his firm a regular retainer fee. "They bill us for what we ask 'em to do—and we ask 'em to do an alarming amount. Baker does almost 100 per cent of the work. I have never paid Frank Erwin a cent. I really resent the innuendos that people make about Frank Erwin." Somebody had even stenciled "Frank and Lyndon's Place" on a wall of Hardin House North.

The statewide higher education Coordinating Board slapped a fixed enrollment ceiling of 35,000 onto U.T. Austin, but the state attorney general ruled that only the regents could do that. In April 1970, Erwin stated to the press that the regents had voted unanimously to "resist the imposition" of the 35,000 ceiling. They were concerned about "the great numbers of students," he said,



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but "we are better able to handle it than most." The chairman of the Coordinating Board said he had heard Erwin say he hoped that U.T. Austin would have 80,000 students, the figure that Erwin's interim president, Bryce Jordan, was saying would be the reality at U.T. by 1980 without a ceiling.

I asked Erwin for an interview. He refused. I wrote him, telling him what I had learned about his and his firm's relationships with University Village, asking him for a comment about whether he had a conflict of interest on the subject of the university's enrollment, and renewing my request for a general interview. He did not reply. From then on he, and perhaps his fellow regents and confidants in the administerium, knew that his and their record on the debasement of U.T.'s standards by skyrocketing enrollment was subject to a damaging interpretation.

While University Village's computers were whirring happily, U.T.'s faculty was whirring hysterically. Could nothing be done at all? Would the place balloon on up to 80,000, 100,000 students? Dr. H. Wayne Morgan, professor of history, was quoted by the student paper as referring to students as "the flow of creatures to the campus" and saying, "Fifty thousand sloths can't be handled in any way." H. Malcolm Macdonald, a professor of government, said in public that departments had to "scrape the bottom of the barrel" to find enough teachers for so many students. "We are defrauding the students, the university and the public. If another 2,000 or 3,000 students come here next year, this may be a university but it won't be an academic institution."

Vulnerable, weakened by the national reaction to the firing of Arts and Sciences Dean John Silber, the administerium and the regents shifted ground. That fall (1971) "enrollment limitation" became policy. The regents went forward with a plan that imposed, as Registrar Byron Shipp said, "some control, not limitation." Acting President Jordan spoke equably of a leveling off at about 46,000. "This is an emergency matter," Jordan told me. After admitting students from the top 10 per cent of all Texas high schools (thus getting in a mix of minority students) and the next 15 per cent who scored acceptably on their SAT tests, the rest of a class of 5,500 freshmen would be admitted by random selection.

At a board meeting that winter Erwin said, with a twinge of regret, that in three years U.T. would be turning away about 10,000 students. For an instant Regent Joe Kilgore crossed Erwin on a revelatory detail. "I do not share the view you expressed, Mr. Erwin," he said, "that the random selection will be more acceptable." Kilgore's question went to the fact that the random selection drawing would be private, not public. He favored, he said, "a fishbowl type drawing."

Erwin turned red. Kilgore had exposed the new system's susceptibility to political and personal favoritism and its use to keep out longhairs and leftists. "I certainly would be opposed to public drawing," Erwin said, giving no reason. Regent Jenkins Garrett, who had from time to time joined Kilgore in covert opposition to Erwin and the regental majority, looked over to Kilgore and said, "Well . . . if this is not going to be real, honest to God random, we've got all kinds of trouble." The matter was dropped.

John Peace, another regent, spoke up. He wanted the total freshman class to be selected at random. "There is no evidence of after-college usefulness or accomplishment" on the basis of grades, he said. Erwin gleefully backed him up, and Peace's proposal lost in a squeaker, 5 to 4. Academic standards barely won out over the will to let everybody with a Texas high school diploma have an equal chance to get into the state university.

Erwin later told the legislature the reason for using random selection was, you can't trust the eggheads. He testified, "I've been to enough Phi Beta Kappa meetings to know that if these people were allowed to run the country they'd ruin it in two or three months." When a comment was made that under random selection "political leverage" could be applied, Erwin answered, "I would use what leverage I could to get my son into the university, if I had it."

The new U.T. President, Stephen Spurr, thought the enrollment limitation discouraged some applicants. No qualified students had been turned away by the fall of 1972, and enrollment has now leveled off in the range of 40,000. A "young people's city" of 10,000 sprang up across the river 5 miles from the campus, and the bus service carrying students from out there to the campus quadrupled in two years.

To what extent is the commercial exploitation of the land around universities a general phenomenon in the money culture? I know from the time I spent at UCLA that the general understanding there is that students without much money usually cannot live near the campus. Land there has become too valuable for unpretentious student pads. When a new state university was located on a tract northwest of San Antonio, Tex., the speculation and development around the site were spectacular. John Peace, who had by then succeeded Erwin as the chairman of the U.T. system regents (they also rule the San Antonio campus), obligingly explained that the rule of thumb concerning development around a new university is four people for every student.

One must also wonder, on the basis of clues here and there, about universities located in white neighborhoods where there is *de facto* race prejudice in the housing. Do not the black and Chicano students have to live far from campus for racist as well as economic reasons? Students and others who care about the availability of higher learning to the poor and the culturally denied need to find out if anyone at whatever university is tied in with the developers, and even more pointedly whether anyone in the university's administration has undertaken to preserve or provide inexpensive private housing for minority and less affluent students that is reasonably near the campus. Already more than fifty senior college campuses in the country have 20,000 or more students. Universities in Maryland, Minnesota, Ohio, Puerto Rico and two in Michigan have between 40,000 and 45,000 students each; Penn State has more than 50,000; Indiana University almost 70,000. We cannot blat about the nation's commitment to equality of opportunity while we permit private developers to add distance and loss of time in transit to the other handicaps that poor and minority students usually face. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Justice Still Not Flowin'

OUR PORTION OF HELL. Fayette County, Tennessee: An Oral History of the Struggle for Civil Rights. *By Robert Hamburger. Photos by Michael Abramson. Links Books. 255 pp. Paper $4.95.*

THE REVOLT OF THE COCKROACH PEOPLE. *By Oscar Zeta Acosta. Straight Arrow Books. 258 pp. $7.95.*

SAM BLAZER

Unless from us the future takes place, we are Death only.—D. H. Lawrence

Oscar Zeta Acosta is, among other things, a Chicano lawyer. Robert Hamburger teaches English literature at City College of New York. Acosta has seen fit to become a spokesman (and a flamboyant one at that) for his own people. Hamburger, who presumably is white, feels the need to intervene in order to give a voice to rural blacks—nearly fifteen years after the civil rights movement first impressed itself upon our collective consciousness.

Acosta, a modestly talented writer, published *The Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo* in 1972. That is a picaresque book he'd been wanting to write, apparently, ever since he read *On the Road*, and met Hunter Thompson, who has hung out with the Hell's Angels and Richard Nixon for the greater glory of counter-cultural journalism. (Thompson appears in a tortilla-thin disguise in *Buffalo.*) The "autobiography" reads for the most part like a tall story, overwritten and self-aggrandizing. It owes at least as much to the author's self-stroking memory, I'm convinced, as it does to his actual experience. It also chomps away at enough sexism to repel women and homosexuals of varying degrees of self-respect.

The Revolt of the Cockroach People, seemingly less tall, retains the sexism, clearly nurtured by a man who cherishes an image of himself that is also related to his adulation of Kerouac and Thompson. Yet (and more important) it aggressively relishes the rich stupidity and connivance of American racism in our courts, our churches, our schools and hospitals: institutions that are designed to deprive so inherently, so fluently, that they need never confront the fact except when a defiant faceless being here and there momentarily forces them to do so.

One thing to understand: in Acosta's versions of just about everything he is the magnetic north of the compass, resting solidly on his unshakable need to be so. His fantasies, far from consoling him, goad him into finding contexts for their realization. He has a taste—perhaps even a preference—for the scabrous underbelly of the privileged and exploited alike. There is every reason to believe that for him revulsion is an aphrodisiac.

All sorts of romantic capers beckon his *machismo*. Some of them even involve social strategies. What is remarkable is that through them Acosta swaggers into authentic danger. His account insists that even at his grossest Oscar is delicacy itself by contrast with his cultural and political adversaries. His pattern—at least the one that emerges from *The Revolt of the Cockroach People*—is this: lead a small mass of militant Chicanos, whom you've made militant, in an "action" and then defend them at the inevitably ensuing trial. In the courtroom behave outrageously, contemptuously risking contempt charges; at the very least alienating the judge, possibly turning him against your client, but, in so doing, exposing the hypocrisy and the falseness of the judicial process for anyone—juror, reporter or victim—who can afford the luxury of understanding. ". . . I'm the hottest thing in court," he writes, "straight-shooting from the hip with a kill every time."

The metaphor is characteristic and suggests what is at once admirable and deplorable in the man. His relentless stance makes it impossible to know what Acosta himself feels or even what he's learned to affect. What probably makes him appealing is his energy, which on the printed page tends to be obscured by the braggadocio.

Acosta's defensiveness stands in remarkable contrast to the bare light of the blacks of Fayette County, whom Hamburger has recorded verbatim and Michael Abramson has embraced in photographs worthy of Lange and Evans. I would say that their joint enterprise invites comparison with *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, except that to do so would be to consign it to harmless literary tradition. Hamburger writes:

> I first went to Fayette County in the spring of 1965 to help build a community center. Over the years I returned when I could to visit friends I'd made, people I loved. When I visited my friends in 1970, I felt torn apart with love and anger. John McFerren had been beaten almost to death, school integration was being obstructed by astonishing abuse of black children, a 70-year-old woman, her two daughters and her grandchildren were clubbed and beaten by two rednecks. People were getting messed over as viciously as they ever were years ago when such events flashed across the media as "national news."
>
> . . . Perhaps the lives of these ignored people will regain a kind of reality to outsiders if a book, their book, exists.

Don't count on it. Hamburger probably had trouble finding a publisher: the bored have moved on to other titillations and new delusions. What is ripe for exploitation is elsewhere. So Hamburger begins to sound like the last angry activist, hanging in there, knowing that what once motivated a movement is an existential motivation still.

The blacks who speak here are all the more remarkable because their consciousness owes nothing to the white liberal conscience. The impetus for black struggle in Fayette County is indigenous, self-created. Here is Maggie Mae Horton, aged 48 when Hamburger interviewed her:

> I started my first protest about 19 and 41. You know, I was quite young then. I started gettin all the Negroes to get sick to raise the pay for cotton choppin. At that time cotton choppin was somethin like seventy-five cents a day and pickin was fifty cents a hundred. So I pushed it up to three dollars a hundred. Way back in the little one-horse Movement. Nobody was doin this but me. Everybody had some kinda contagious disease and they stayed at home. It was a strike. That's what I would call it now, but then I didn't even know what a strike was. The thing we was doin then was just everybody get sick, but that was just the plan I had. Tell the boss man the next mornin and start droppin off one by one and he don't know what's wrong. He scared of Negroes anyhow. He don't wanta catch our disease. That was the first start—me and the Movement.

One might talk of unconquerable spirit, of the courage to be free, of not

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LONDON SEPTEMBER

I saw the year marked down today
to tenpence. At that price
I ransomed it
though it was two-thirds gone:
eight months of blanks
where I thought anguish and joy
were stamped indelibly.

In the park
summer was quietly folding up
with the striped chairs.
Carrying the four months
left to me
I walked through Bishop's Court Gate.
A sign over the arch warned:
"Persons with Burdens
are not allowed to pass through"
but no one stopped me.

Ruth Feldman

going silent. One could recall Camus and Fanon in this connection. Yet to do so would obscure a basic realization shared by the people who speak here. It's a realization that Ralph Ellison has expressed, that to defy and be resisted—to be seen and felt and to feel in return—is pragmatically preferable to the oppression that confers invisibility. Retaliation marks an end to blindness.

John McFerren, in many ways the catalyst for his community, has initiated twenty-four lawsuits in ten years. He has been beaten almost to death and numerous other attempts on his life have failed—so far. As Maggie Mae puts it:

> The only way you can really learn about Fayette County—go on down here and buy you a home in a Negro neighborhood. You don't have to get no black skin. Just be in your home over here in the Negro neighborhood. They'll get you some black skin. You don't have to worry about no black skin cause they'll give it to you brother, cause they'll burn you right down to cinders.

Still, the endurance is resourceful—a determined, almost serene endurance that sustains itself while threatened at the very least with demoralization everywhere and ceaselessly. Sure, it's the same old story and of course we don't need to be reminded.

We need to be reminded.

Not so much of the older blacks like George Bates, who took part in the movement and consequently lost all his work—like any number of others. Or reminded even of the blacks who managed to register to vote notwithstanding the relentless psychological warfare. But we need to be reminded of the second-generation blacks, so to speak, who were the available martyrs to school desegregation. All of them. Those who were chosen to enter the magic circles of white supremacy were taunted by their new schoolmates while being shunned by their fellow blacks whom they left behind, because "You think you're white."

And the mystery remains: what inspires collective indomitability? How does the idea's time come and what blesses its arrival?

Everyone agrees that in Fayette County it came in 1959 at the trial of Burton Dodson (at the time well past 70), who was probably falsely accused of murdering—eighteen years earlier—a white man who had come out to Dodson's farm as part of a deputized mob to kill *him*. This was after Dodson had been in a fight with another white man. "In all likelihood," Hamburger writes, "the deputy was slain by the confused and excited crossfire of the mob he came with." Dodson disappeared until discovered in Illinois and extradited for trial. He was defended by a black lawyer from Memphis.

> People in Fayette County [Hamburger explains] knew that the only way a black man got into the courthouse was either as a doomed defendant or as a janitor. A black lawyer appearing to defend a black man was unheard of. People put aside their farm work and flocked to the courthouse to see it for themselves. . . . Among the black farmers who came in from the fields to watch the proceedings were two men in their early 30s—John McFerren and Harpman Jameson. When [the black lawyer] appealed for money to hire a recording secretary for the hearings, John and Harpman went among their friends and acquaintances to raise the necessary sum. . . . John and Harpman were hardly aware of it at the time, but this was the beginning of the Civil Rights Movement in Fayette County. Southern justice prevailed . . . and Burton Dodson was given a 20-year sentence that was later reduced to 10 years. Nevertheless the trial had set lives in motion.

McFerren, Jameson and twelve others, with the legal advice of Dodson's lawyer, J. F. Estes, filed a charter for the Fayette County Civic and Welfare League in the spring of 1959, "to promote civil and political and economic welfare for the community progress." The struggle was joined. John McFerren found himself a leader by default.

Strikingly, neither McFerren nor his peers, in the verbatim accounts that comprise *Our Portion of Hell*, ever have moved toward militancy, not even rhetorically. They have been tough, resilient and assertive—outlaws within the law. It has remained for their children to shift the emphasis perceptibly. Consider:

> I wish I had three wishes. The first thing I'd try to do is just one year I'd divide up things 50-50. All the blacks would have 50 percent of everything. I'd put em equally in all the positions —but I'd have a black President. And I'd just see how things would go. And if that wish shouldn't work out, I'd take another wish and put all blacks in office, cause all whites had been in office for so long. And if didn't anything happen then, I'd put everyone under my command and then I'd be President.

This is the fantasy of Magnolia Horton, daughter of a very feisty mother, Maggie Mae, who gave this book its title when she said: "I'm already in hell. This is it. This is hell here. This is all I expect to go to. Well, we've had our portion of it. . . . I don't think I'll wait around for all this peace and happiness to come. I'm gonna raise all the hell I can to move some of this away."

Maggie Mae describing her technique is describing the theatre of confrontation:

> You know, sometimes you see me and I look like a movie star. When I get ready to raise hell, I get really nappy kinky hair and wash it and stick it up over my head like it is and I go to talk to boss and master. I got a message for him and he gets it. And I just about get what I want when I go. Cause I don't go to come back.

Maggie Mae is a student of kinesics, a Yippie. Magnolia and her friends, however, are impatient in a more conventional way with everything that has been gained through patient advocacy: so much psychologically, so little in the heartland. The truth in Fayette County is that both blacks and rednecks have been winning the same Pyrrhic victories, much as if they keep synchronously taking title to a barren land.

At first it mystified me that the blacks there, who have savored identity at last, should choose to remain in a place where not only man but nature too seems hostile. And perhaps this Fayette County generation will disperse *(So if I fly away without you / A shadow on the things you know . . .)*.

To go *where?* I suddenly need to ask. To Chicago? Detroit? Watts? New York? Oakland? A middle-aged black drunk hassled me recently in the Fillmore district of San Francisco—a heavy-duty neighborhood in which there was at least one street-corner murder at Christmas time. The drunk approached, snarling. "Who are *you*? You ever been in jail?" (I was about to answer Yes, with a brief flicker of identification, but I realized that the answer—in his sense—was No.) "Anybody ever call you nigger? Next time I see you I'll cut you up." He exposed a knife, just as the

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deus ex machina in the guise of a #24 bus arrived. "You better get on that bus" was his gratuitous advice, deftly transforming my routine intention into escape. As indeed, at that moment, it was.

With the understanding, then, that they might die or fly as slowly on the South Side of Chicago as in Tennessee —with that understanding the young blacks may begin to leave Fayette County.

In any case the militancy of the oppressed is obviously more efficient in the city, where the oppressiveness is impersonal and virtually unrelieved— as Acosta's "cockroach people" vociferously affirm, continuing a literature of witness that is by now a category unto itself. Often Chicano and black meet on opposite sides, as do members of the same minority group. Our society, after all, exploits the oppressed as its jailers.

So Acosta relates the testimony at what he calls the trial of the St. Basil 21—a group busted for demonstrating on Christmas Eve, 1969, at St. Basil's Cathedral, the most posh Roman Catholic bastion of Cardinal McIntyre and also "the richest temple in L.A." One of the witnesses for the prosecution is a cop,

> Officer Bell, a handsome young black . . . the one I saw shaking with nervousness on the outside steps. . . . He remembers very little.
>
> "And did you hear anyone yelling racial remarks at you, sir? the [special prosecutor] asks Officer Bell.
>
> "Objection," I say. Three members of the jury are black. I know that Ridder is trying to butter them up.
>
> "Yes, Mr. Ridder, the question is vague. Please rephrase it."
>
> "Did anyone call you a nigger?"
>
> "Objection."
>
> "Overruled."
>
> "Well, someone did say 'nigger' to me."
>
> On cross-examination I ask him . . . "Do you remember exactly what was said to you?"
>
> "Yes, sir. The defendant García said, 'Hey, man. You're a nigger just like us. Why are you doing this?' "

Although Acosta describes experiences that, while peculiar to megalopolis, are as banally aberrant as much that has befallen the blacks of Fayette County, his prevailing voice is that of someone who can afford to enjoy the struggle more than, say, John McFerren can. Indeed Acosta seems conflict-prone, a direct descendant of the macho-prone *Brown Buffalo*. If the Fayette County blacks survive will they then flourish? Acosta, thankfully, flourishes already. Only his dignity is at stake. For the blacks, dignity is the unprecedented prize for taking the responsibility of becoming visible, for the first time risking *meaningful* life itself.

The black movement so far has been considerably more fashionable among white liberals than the Chicano one. Now the "native American" cause is on the ascent, which makes it even harder, I suppose, for the Chicanos to strike through to national and international focus. For everyone, however, restlessness over any "long-term" process that requires more than five to ten years (apparently the outermost zone of our American concept of "future"—beyond that, perhaps, is posterity) means that true needs are permitted only a brief period of both bureaucratic *and* radical-minded attention, before enthusiasm, energies and funds atrophy. Federal civil rights programs, education programs: all are aborted long before any general understanding of their mandate can be achieved—much less conclusive results.

Acosta's Chicanos are brash and sensual. Hamburger's blacks, even when self-effacing, have a shining directness that urban experience tends to peel away to mobilized hostility. But for now—and for how much longer?—the blacks in Fayette County are still securing the right to be seen. The Los Angeles Chicanos are demanding the right, immediately more advanced, to be heard.

And in the end Chicano and black (and perhaps white liberals and radicals too) will have learned and understood and felt and experienced more than every Fayette County and each Los Angeles could otherwise ever willingly have been able to teach them. The crucial question is this: how will they—we —absorb these revelations? □

A Struggle to Know Herself

ELLA PRICE'S JOURNAL. *By Dorothy Bryant. Lippincott. 222 pp. $5.95. Signet. 187 pp. Paper $1.25.*

DOROTHY DUTCHER

A tasteless and misleading cover on the paperback edition of *Ella Price's Journal*, published last October, is enough to discourage anyone from reading the first page. The reviews of the original cloth-bound edition were mixed. Some critics found the novel to be "a first-rate work by a talented new writer," "fresh and engaging," "poignant, credible, extremely appealing," while others dismissed it as "melodramatic" and "dreary."

I was reminded of those wise and still appropriate remarks made by Virginia Woolf nearly fifty years ago in *A Room of One's Own*: "But it is obvious that the values of women differ very often from the values which have been made by the other sex; naturally, this is so. Yet it is the masculine values that prevail. Speaking crudely, football and sport are 'important'; the worship of fashion, the buying of clothes 'trivial.' And these values are inevitably transferred from life to fiction. This is an important book, the critic assumes, because it deals with the war. This is an insignificant book because it deals with the feelings of women in a drawing-room."

The scene of the Edwardian drawing room has faded and suburban middle-class America has appeared in its place.

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The feelings of women are significant; like many other women, Ella Price's feelings have become so obscured by her attempts to meet the needs of others at the expense of herself that she is out of touch with her own identity. Perhaps the most important theme of this book is Ella's struggle to define herself, to become aware of *her* feelings, and to begin to fulfill some of her own needs as they gradually come into focus.

In choosing the journal form for her novel, Dorothy Bryant chose to eliminate all comment on the action. It is through Ella's language, her remembered conversations, her accounts of what she is experiencing that we see her growth. What begins as Ella's dull, unexciting, and often cumbersome prose gradually evolves into a style that is highly descriptive, lucid, perceptive and rich in imagery. This literary growth is convincingly handled and is a nice reflection of the emotional and intellectual growth that Ella is undergoing at the same time. People do learn through reading and writing; and their awareness usually heightens as they begin to take note of what a little earlier they might have been oblivious to.

Ella is 34 years old, the mother of a teen-aged girl, and as far as she has given the matter any thought, happily married. Her husband Joe is a hard-working employee in the City Purchasing Department; he is tiresomely sweet and unbelievably dull. Steak, baked potatoes, apple pie, Doris Day movies, and time just "to eat, drink and screw" is his formula for happiness. Restless, with time on her hands, Ella decides to take a few courses at the local community college. Bay Junior College, a fictitious name, is typical of the many dozens of junior colleges throughout California where two years of education start many young people on their way to further education or careers and also hold doors open to people who at earlier periods in their lives were too busy with other matters to think about school. For most older women returning to school, the other matters involved marriage and raising a family. Once free of any illusions about the feminine mystique, and with children who are at an age to fend for themselves, these women often find themselves hungering for something more in their lives; faintly aware that there's something they're not getting, they register for a few courses. Though such a venture may prove to be rewarding, or even a turning point in their lives, it is not always easy in its early stages. Ella's experience is no exception.

Her classes intimidate her; ideas foreign to her experience are bandied about with seeming recklessness; the language used is often shocking and offensive; her fellow students seem to avoid or ignore her. Frightened and insecure, she takes steps cautiously into this new world, testing, tasting, and only gradually coming to enjoy her experiences. New ideas demand change, and change at this juncture is a terrifying prospect for her.

The novel begins with the first entry in Ella Price's journal, undertaken as an assignment for her English class.

> I kept a diary once (or journal or whatever you call it) when I was fourteen, exactly twenty years ago. I did it because I wanted to, not because it was required by a professor. And it was secret, nobody read it, not even my best friend, let alone a complete stranger. I don't understand how you're going to grade this. And I don't see what good it will do if we don't pay too much attention to grammar and spelling. You said not to worry. That's easy to say.

And Ella is on her way. While resisting the idea stubbornly and resentfully, she keeps doggedly at it—threatening to drop the class, carping at the instructor's caustic comments about aging Barbie dolls and suburbanites who drink martinis before dinner, criticizing his choice of books for the course. Gradually, Ella lets go of the masks and disguises which she has worn for so long and begins to recognize that within her is a person to whom she has paid little attention for most of her life. With increasing agility and insight, Ella continues to record her thoughts and feelings, keeping up her journal long after the course is over. Ella's metamorphosis is not easy. She falters, resists, and yet she listens, she questions, and she grows.

She reads voraciously, forgoing the cocktails and TV—a step that alienates her still further from Joe. Flaubert, James, Camus, Tolstoy, Kafka and Doris Lessing are just a few of the writers who help to awaken Ella from her dreariness. Five months after starting school, she writes:

> Six months ago, I believed this second half of life would be like a prison sentence, locked up in life with nothing to do. But now I know that just because no one has any "use" for me, no one has any plan for me, no one has taken account of my presence because I'm invisible—well, that's not such a tragedy. Maybe it's a form of freedom. Maybe I have to decide what to make of the rest of this life.

Shortly after this entry, Ella takes a decisive step. She tells Joe that she's off to a movie, but she heads for a peace demonstration in nearby Berkeley. Struck by the warmth, the gentleness and the solidarity of the marchers, Ella joins them. When Ella decides to tell her husband where she has been and what she has experienced, he does not understand what she is talking about. In a matter of days she finds herself in a love affair with her English teacher, Dan Harkin. He arouses feelings she has not known before, and yet the affair is a shabby one. Although this is the man who earlier in the year had helped to inspire her with a new vision of the world, as a lover he is abrupt, insensitive and selfish. Ella comes to realize that she is simply one more in the long line of women students whose lover he has been. His appetites, though more cultivated, are basically not very different from Joe's. Ella falls hard. She drops out of school, goes back to a part-time job, starts seeing a male psychiatrist, and carelessly allows Joe to make her pregnant. And yet all that she has learned is only temporarily out of focus. After the hurt comes the realization that all her life she has been seeing herself and her problems in terms of men.

In order to make her own birth possible, Ella chooses not to have the unwanted child. The pressure from Joe, from his family, and from her own is hard to resist, but she stands firm. For the first time she sees that Joe, simple and straightforward as he seems, is instinctively manipulative, and oblivious to her feelings. Like Nora in *A Doll's House*, she must leave her husband who, threatened by her growth and new

Dorothy Dutcher teaches English and Women's Studies courses at Skyline College near San Francisco. She also leads Gestalt groups concerned with feminist thought and awareness.

We are pleased to announce that Grace Schulman, our poetry editor, has been appointed director of The Poetry Center (of the YM-YWHA, 92nd Street, New York City). *The Nation* and Baruch College, City University of New York, where Ms. Schulman is assistant professor of English, will share her time and talents with the 92nd Street Y.

Since 1939 The Poetry Center has presented readings by American and foreign poets, inaugurated with a program including William Carlos Williams, W. H. Auden and Langston Hughes.

Ms. Schulman's works have appeared in many literary journals, including this magazine, prior to her editorship here. She has written a study of the poetry of Marianne Moore and is the editor of *Ezra Pound: A Collection of Criticism* which will be published by McGraw-Hill in June.

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awareness, would try to dampen her spirit and stifle her excitement.

Ella has struggled and suffered in that struggle. She has made mistakes, and yet she has learned from them. After we have closed the fifth book of her journal, Ella may well go on struggling, but it will be with a difference. No longer bitter about the past but rather excited about where she is in the present, Ella is in touch with herself. It is unlikely that she'll ever again know the loneliness she felt in a marriage that had no strength, no openness, and no room for growth.

Ella Price is not a card-carrying feminist. It is unlikely that she'll ever lead a consciousness-raising group, or even participate in one. And yet she embodies what the women's movement is all about—herself a woman with unfulfilled possibilities, who at one time was dead to herself and to those around her. What has emerged from her trials is a set of authentic values that make sense to her because they are not simply matters of convention but reflect her needs and desires—principally her strong impulse to grow and to be responsible. □

Old Vinegar in an Old Jug

FOUR REFORMS: A Guide for the Seventies. *By William F. Buckley, Jr. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 128 pp. $4.95.*

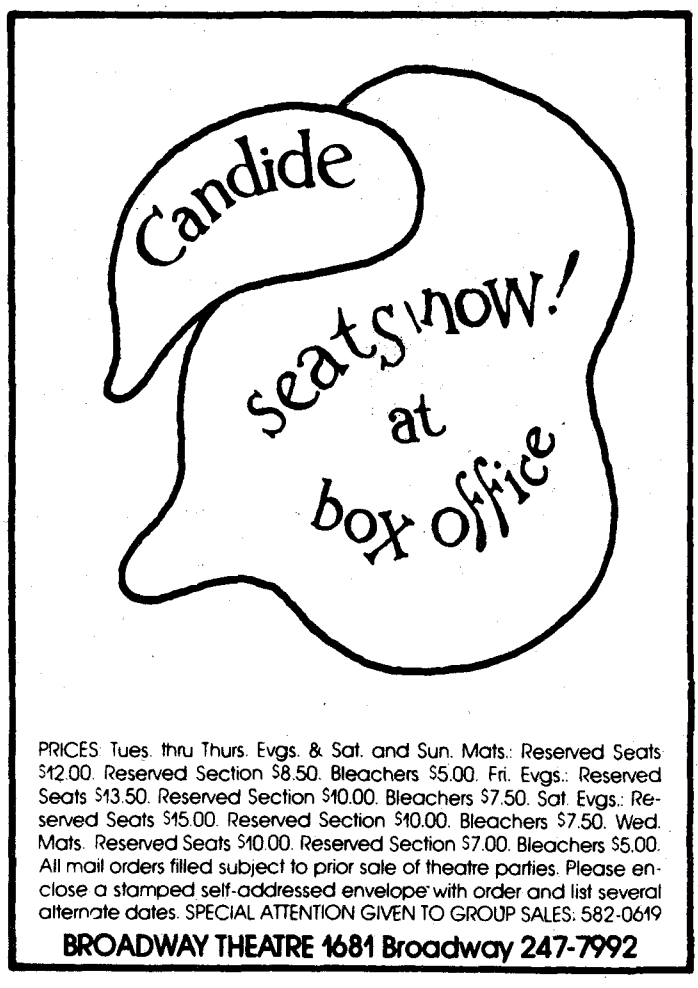
CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

It is difficult to imagine a more suitable place than the Federal Republic of Germany in which to read a relatively serious book by William F. Buckley, Jr. The Christian Democrats who rule the state of Baden-Württemberg set precisely the proper mode in which to take up their American counterpart's proposals for the vitiation of democratic society for its own good.

Actually, six reforms agitate the author's mind—two of them in his Introduction, each of the others in its own chapter. The two that he treats together, and more summarily, include one that he concedes to be neither original nor novel: a single six-year term for the President; the other concerns a portion of the citizenry in which he has never previously shown the slightest interest except to dismiss it with the obvious implication that its members, like the poor, have only themselves to blame for having got into this state: I mean the old. (Mr. Buckley, who is more delicate than I, prefers to say *the aged*, but now that I am one of them I can bear the less finicking word.) His four reforms proper are best described in his own chapter headings: "Welfare—Towards a Sensible Welfare System," "Taxation—Towards a Simplified Tax," "Education—Towards Noncoerced Education" and "Crime—Towards Speedier Justice." There is no index, or table of contents, but there is an Afterword.

Charles Lam Markmann, a critic, translator, novelist and journalist whose latest book is The Buckleys *(William Morrow), is at work* in situ *on a book about the two German Republics.*

And there is a surprise—only one. Certainly it is not in the choice of "authorities" to cite—the most tenebrous of the "social scientists" of the Right, such as van den Haag and Jensen—or in the promulgation of articles of faith for which no evidence is required, such as "the virtually insignificant difference in the income of young (under 35) white and black couples." (At other times, figures are frequent; sources for them are too often—assumed?) No, essentially our Buckley has not changed his (blind) spots, except for one. Growing old has gained his recognition as a problem, both individual and social, and he implicitly concedes that it has become impossible for most of us to provide for our own surplus years (to call them what they are). He would solve the problem with a bewildering simplicity. Let the ten top private universities proclaim that from 1976 they will accept no freshman applicant who has not spent a year in public services, including "homes" for the old; for, Mr. Buckley tells us, the greatest single item in the budgets of these is unskilled labor. "It would be required only that the government exclude this category of volunteers from the provisions of the minimum wage," the sage of Lenox Hill, the Fairfield County shore and Rougemont, Switzerland, allows. ". . . The nursing homes would of course provide board and pocket money." For the displaced workers too? What cannot be contradicted is his sound argument that the experience would perforce acquaint the young with the truth of being old, and might well instruct them, too, in the uses of disinterestedness.



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Thus, in its first pages, the book has already reached and passed its apex. Clinging to his basic notions, Mr. Buckley would make welfare the business of the states, none of which would get a penny of federal funds for the purpose unless its per capita income was below the national average. Again Buckley has an eye-catcher: if the welfare recipient ekes out his dole by working, do not penalize him, but rather encourage him thus to work himself all the way out of the public trough. In essence unexceptionable; though the same can hardly be said for the author's less conspicuous endorsement of compulsory labor by welfare recipients or for his revulsion at "self-inflicted poverty (the mother who continues to have illegitimate children, the alcoholic, the drug addict)."

It takes many pages of quoted gobbledygook of tax law and potted history of the income tax (which Buckley now reluctantly accepts, since it will not go away) to get the reader to his "reforms," and a few of them are indeed to be wished: federal assistance to "people in the poorer states" who live below the poverty level (the less poor states being obliged to take care of their own indigent), reimbursement of "regressive" taxes imposed on taxpayers below the poverty line, elimination of all exemptions and of "all deductions except all those that relate directly to the cost of acquiring income." And there is merit to Buckley's proposal that the federal government collect income taxes for the states at their respective rates. But the price to be paid for these benisons is disproportionate. First of all, that weary Buckley cliché, "Congress should eliminate the progressive feature of the income tax . . . [and] the corporation tax": and then a new proposal, a uniform 15 per cent on all noncorporate income. Now, it is true that the program nullifies much of the effect of the 15 per cent tax on those below the poverty level, but not a word is said about the infinite opportunities for tax evasion inherent in the elimination of the corporation tax. The author assumes that "much of the corporate income would now be taxed as increased stockholder income," and in due course he "proves" that the measure would increase tax receipts. And capital gains would be taxed as income—far less, though he does not say so, than at present. If Buckley is to be believed, the adoption of his plan would make it a waste of time and effort to try to cheat the Internal Revenue Service; lobbying and bribery for special tax laws would vanish; there would be no further need for the arbitrary averaging formulas that somewhat ease the burden on bunched high income; savings and hence private capital for public purposes—housing, mass transit, pollution control—would soar (are there no hedonists left?) and, in short, the Kingdom of God would be established on earth.

Almost. A couple of troubled areas remain. Much of what Buckley has to say about the degradation of education is incontrovertible—the fact, I mean. He nowhere, however, even considers the possibility that contemporary society quite cold-bloodedly employs its so-called educational system as a combination of baby-sitting and custodial facilities and really makes no effort to educate the young or even to train them for satisfying useful work: he is too concerned to make points against compelled equality of opportunity, against those who refuse to correlate intelligence or educability with race or social class. In his own way he is as simplistic as the extremists among those he attacks. But much of this harangue is designed merely to soften the reader for a hackneyed oration on behalf of taxpayer support for church schools and, by extension, for other private schools as well. I am extremely grateful that I had the opportunity to get some hint of what education is all about in the Friends' school that I attended, but I hardly feel that other taxpayers ought to have helped my father to do me this service if he had been unable to do it on his own. Buckley would have had them help him even though he could pay the bills himself. That is what all 23 pages of the chapter on education come down to: a plea for the rest of us to shoulder the costs of the Catholic schools, an attack on the Supreme Court for daring to interfere, and a call to the people to reverse it by appropriate amendment of the Constitution.

Law and order has always been dear to Buckley; it brings this newest little tract to its hell-fire conclusion. It would have been more honest to have subtitled the chapter "Law and Order" rather than "Towards Speedier Justice," since it is concerned not at all with justice but with action. Buckley would repeal the Fifth Amendment (in various ways on various pages) and revise the whole law of evidence and criminal procedure to "adapt to the criterion: Did he do it? . . . [and] to the goal of speedier justice." Having paraded himself since puberty as a moralist, Buckley, in a frenzy worthy of Richard Nixon, likens the overzealous cop to the overzealous football player and draws the moral: "Some of the most valuable players have the heaviest dockets of violations. They are seldom penalized by those who count —the coach, the owners, the public. They get away with it often enough to keep them doing it."

And so does Mr. Buckley. □

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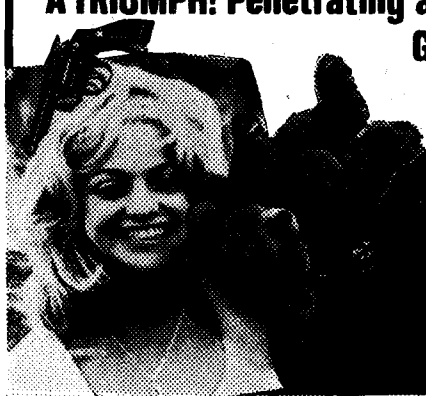

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Clarence Darrow, programmed as "a new play by David W. Rintels," isn't one—unless you accept the thesis that anything with live actors which interests an audience is a play. But play or not, Henry Fonda, speaking on the stage of the Helen Hayes Theatre as the legendary lawyer, Clarence Darrow, is well worth listening to.

I call Darrow "legendary" though he was a real enough figure. Some may not know of his 1894 connection with Eugene V. Debs (several times Socialist Party candidate for the Presidency) or with Peter Altgeld, from 1893 to 1897 the great liberal Governor of Illinois. More theatregoers may remember that Darrow served as attorney in 1924 for Leopold and Loeb, the two Chicago boys who committed a "perfect" crime to prove their superman intelligence. By introducing a quasi-Freudian interpretation of perverted mentality into the case, Darrow saved the two from execution. Perhaps even more vividly recalled is the absurdly notorious Stokes (or monkey-trial) case in 1925 at which Darrow knocked William Jennings Bryan's Fundamentalism into a cocked hat. Darrow died in 1938 at the age of 81. We were reminded of him in 1955 through Lawrence and Lee's dramatization of the Scopes trial, *Inherit the Wind*, in which Paul Muni and later Melvyn Douglas starred on stage and Spencer Tracy in the film.

Darrow was nearly always the defender of those who through bigotry were socially unpopular: the poor, the black, Anarchists, Communists—all, in brief, commonly designated as "the underdog." None of the more than 100 alleged murderers whom he defended was ever sentenced to death. He was opposed to capital punishment.

Yet though most of the audiences who will attend the Henry Fonda performances will have some knowledge of these facts (at least by hearsay) I still think of Darrow as a figure of legend. Now that his battles are more or less won, it is easy to agree that Darrow's ideas, actions and career were admirable, but what is far more crucial for us to understand at present is not the history of his achievement but its *spirit*. It can hardly be said of it—as of John Brown's body—that it goes marching on.

Darrow's liberalism was a grass-roots force. It was at once trusting and skeptical, gentle and gruff—traits characteristic of people close to the soil who had to work doggedly to make it flourish. Theirs was an active liberalism, not an academic posture, a matter of benevolent verbiage. It was tough, resistant, vigilant, and it produced a plain and powerful breed of men.

The educated among them, like Darrow and Lincoln, were largely self-taught. Their speech had a simple, rugged yet lofty eloquence consonant with the arduous tasks and goals that lay before them. With it all went a homely and not infrequently salty humor bred of a realization of the limitations of human capacities.

An agnostic, Darrow was nevertheless a man of faith, and his court addresses rang out with a noble common sense based on a direct experience of the basic phenomena of existence. That is why they moved juries to just decisions, even against their selfish interests.

We do not have to agree with Darrow that there is no such thing as crime; we are not obliged to acquiesce in the belief that man is fundamentally "good" or perfectible (many keen minds have held contrary views), but we are convinced, as we listen to Darrow, that we ourselves become better people and incidentally more truly American in shar-

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ing his beliefs. That is why, though *Clarence Darrow* is not a play or theatre or art, one still relates to it heartily.

Henry Fonda is the right actor to deliver Darrow's message, which I would not call a "performance." There is no elaborate characterization, no great elocutionary passion, no effort to tug at heartstrings. We are faced with the essential matter at stake: we are placed in a position to reflect, to think, to judge. And since virtually every word spoken is Darrow's, it is enough.

There is another America in Jay Broad's *The Killdeer* (Public Theatre). It is a depressed America, an America to which such men as Darrow are unknown or vague memories—like the hollow references to the founding fathers in campaign speeches.

The play's central characters are Ted, a man in the mechanical appliance business, his wife and their adolescent sons. They live in a suburb not far from his New York place of employment. He was graduated from high school, he boasts, at 16; he was president of the science club there. But he has never made good. He has lost many jobs. He is in debt and is supported in considerable measure by his in-laws. His secret dream is to have been a stand-up comic.

He is given to bum jokes, his language is coarse, but he is infuriated when his sons duplicate the rudeness of his speech. He drinks too much, has a terrible temper and might be described—if he had any real politics—as a proto-Fascist. His wife has come to think of him as a bust, and he reads her thought, fights the suspicion within himself that she is right, and suffers in muddled desperation. He veers from good-natured familiarity with his neighbors to rage and violence. He tries to be companionable and helpful to his children, but there is too little in his being to serve in the attempt. He is unwittingly tormented by his own emptiness. Nothing in his environment feeds what remains of his soul.

The picture is not without veracity; there are many reasons to believe it accurate. I came away from the play with respect for its commitment to verisimilitude and several oblique signs of sensibility, as well as with an appreciation for most of the acting. Yet the play's realism was marred for me by several factors. The first was dramaturgic.

The author has recourse to long monologues addressed to the audience, and that to a great extent is an evasion of true characterization. One of the wife's monologues is overheard by Ted. This is supposed to indicate that he guesses what his wife is feeling, while he can plainly hear what she is saying to us! The play's naturalism thus not only breaks down but spoils the pleasure we take in discovering what the characters think and feel through the mutual exchange of speech and action. In *The Killdeer*, too much is spelled out.

A more crucial fault, one which besets many plays in this vein, is that it suffers from a certain "blindness." There are too few "windows" looking out at the world to a horizon airier and broader than the scene itself. Realism becomes oppressive—even when it is, as in this play, occasionally "funny" as well as exact—if it does not convey more than what we behold immediately before us and what we are literally to gather from the spectacle.

The realism which counts not only imitates an event or a situation, but makes us contemplate a "universe"—an entire sense of life which enlivens or exalts us. We must recognize and be affected by something "bigger" than the particular facts pictured: something essential, humanly aggrandizing, wise. The finest realists in all the arts have accomplished this without exaggerating the stature of the material depicted. In this way they have achieved some of the profundity we find in the great classics or more "abstract" works of the past. Lacking such attributes, realism tends to become small, mean and somehow debilitating.

The Killdeer is one more testimony to the sorry state to which many of the citizens in our native civilization have been led. As such, it has its sharp points and several touching moments. It is on the whole well cast and meticulously directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Ralph Waite brings power and understanding to the befuddled and irritating Ted. As his wife, Barbara Barrie brings her gift for incisive simplicity, a forthrightness without stress. □

RECORDS

RICHARD DYER

DAVIES. *Eight Songs for a Mad King.* Julius Eastman, vocalist. The Fires of London; Peter Maxwell Davies, cond. Nonesuch H-71285. $2.98.

Eight Songs for a Mad King is turning into Peter Maxwell Davies' *Bolero*—it's getting performed everywhere these days, sometimes amid scandal (Olivier Messiaen is said to have made a conspicuous exit at the French première because the birds in the piece are caged), usually amid tremendous approval. It's all rather a pity, because Davies is an admirable composer and *Eight Songs for a Mad King* isn't really a piece of music at all. It's a theatrical event, and most of the applause must go to the virtuoso actor who can perform the work.

The Mad King in question is George III of England, and the moving text which Randolph Stow assembled for Davies draws on historic incidents and upon lines from the King's monologues as they were recorded by Fanny Burney, attendant to Queen Charlotte and eavesdropping diarist. The King—or maybe just somebody who *thinks* he is the King—moans and shouts and quivers and screeches and sings through these texts, in dialogue with the instrumentalists who represent the bullfinches George attempted to teach music; sometimes these same instrumentalists (who sit on stage in cages while the robed and crowned King dithers around them) represent figures in his story. At the climax of the seventh song the King snatches a violin through the bars of the player's cage and breaks it—"a giving-in to insanity," Davies writes, "and a ritual murder by the King of a part of himself." Ironic snatches of Handel appear ("Comfort ye" from *Messiah*) as well as mad ventures into pop idioms, ending finally when the King predicts his own death, "He will die howling. Howling."

In tone the piece suggests the movies of Ken Russell—for whom Davies has worked and, in fact, this record is "a Ken Russell Presentation"—and it makes the same vividly theatrical but coarsening effect. The performance of Julius Eastman as the King is dazzling, but Michael Steinberg of the *Boston Globe* said it all when he remarked, "It's like pornography—exciting, but not interesting."

GINASTERA. *Milena.* Cantata No. 3 for Soprano and Orchestra, Op. 37. Phyllis Curtin, soprano. Denver Symphony Orchestra; Brian Priestman, cond. (with CHOPIN, Piano Concerto No. 2 in F-minor, Op. 21, Nerine Barrett, piano.) Denver Symphony Orchestra; Brian Priestman, cond. Desto DC-7171. $5.98.

Ginastera has written movingly about *Milena*, a piece that apparently occupies a special place in his affections because it ended a silence of three years, broken only when his wife, the cellist Aurora Natola, entered his life. And the subject, Kafka's letters to Milena Jesenska, is one that had occupied him for decades. Ginastera asks us to think of the piece as "the music which we imagine to accompany a woman in her loneliness, rereading, in the faint twilight of a life—and of a society—the letters of her dead lover."

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The cantata, set in Spanish, arranges passages from the letters topically. After a prelude in which the unaccompanied soprano sings of "apparitions," there are three songs, devoted to love, to letters and to the infinite; interspersed are two long passages of accompanied declamation, the first on dreams, the second on jealousy and despair.

Ginastera treats this text with an appropriate melancholy and intensity and with his usual acute sense of orchestral and vocal color—it is a stunning moment when the soprano's hummed high C at the end of the prelude merges into the orchestral opening of the first song; at the end there are three moving quotations of the last song from Schubert's *Winterreise* surrounded by a shimmer of high percussion—a lied of total despair which for Ginastera becomes "a song for the dead." There is a bit of the lurid mickey mousing we know from the operas (the melismas when the soprano describes the head of Medusa surrounded by hissing snakes), but the chief trouble with this piece is that too much of the communicative intensity comes from the fact that Ginastera writes very uncomfortably for the voice. Phyllis Curtin must too often declaim a text at the top of her range at her peak volume (even, in the second song, vying with the trumpets doubling her); this is obviously uncomfortable for her and almost unendurable for the listener. It is the wrong *kind* of intensity. Miss Curtin sings a lovely pianissimo whenever she can, declaims with vigor and color, everywhere demonstrates her superior musicianship; the Denver Orchestra sounds good.

The Chopin F-minor concerto is an odd companion for this piece, but the performance is tidy, affectionate, winning.

HARBISON. *Five Songs of Experience.* The Cantata Singers and Ensemble. John Harbison, cond. *Bermuda Triangle.* Albert Regni, tenor saxophone; Helen Harbison, amplified cello; Robert D. Levin, electric organ. *Trio.* The Wheaton Trio. Nancy Cirillo, violin; Jay Humeston, cello; Victor Rosenbaum, piano. CRI SD 313. $5.98.

John Harbison is among Boston's most interesting musicians. Now teaching and composing at M.I.T., he was until this season conductor of the Cantata Singers, a small virtuoso choral group that gave performances of Bach and recent music that were remarkable for scholarship, precision, energy and fantasy. This record is my first experience of his own music, and I like it.

Any composer who takes on Blake's "Songs of Experience" has his work cut out for him, but Harbison is not one to shirk (his current project, I read, is a setting of *The Winter's Tale*). He hears the poems as "incantation, response, or litany"; and the simplicity and transparency of his musical response to them is only apparent. Characteristically, Harbison will set a line or a stanza in a direct way whose significance does not become clear until it overlaps with the next event, or till it is repeated in a different texture. "Ah! Sunflower," for example, begins as a soprano solo which when repeated, is troubled by disturbing echoes in the chorus and unsettling elaborations of line—that last "go" summons a simple sustained pianissimo the first time around, at the end a mounting and inconclusive melisma; in "The Divine Image" soloists and chorus overlap in alternate order, now almost in phase, now almost out of control. All of this is realized in luminous sound; the difficulty of hearing the words clearly—intentional, I think—makes the listener rethink the music.

The piano trio is a short work that energetically and amusingly veers between the classical and the palm-court sound. The real attraction of this side of the record, though, is *Bermuda Triangle.* The piece is a conversation between the tenor saxophone and the amplified cello in which they change and exchange roles, after a unison passage in the middle; the electric organ serves as a kind of moderator, sometimes smiling quietly in the background, sometimes interfering with soap-operatic vigor. The piece is strange, witty, sleazy and fun. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Terrence Malick's *Badlands* was shown at the New York Film Festival last October, but it is now released commercially in convenient juxtaposition to *The Ragman's Daughter,* directed by Harold Becker from a story by Alan Sillitoe. Convenient, that is, as a comparison of the levels of criminal behavior that socially minded film makers will attribute to disaffiliated youth in America and Britain. Each film is about a couple who combine the process of falling sweetly in love with a foray against society, both are romantic to the point of irrationality (which, no doubt, is what ails these young people, but should not have afflicted the pictures) and the behavior of all four principals, one understands, is motivated by a desperate impulse to escape into wonderland invented by vivid imaginations abetted by ignorance and the sterility of the objective situation. But whereas the British couple celebrate their discovery of each other in a series of larcenous exploits that may be judged ill-advised, the American pair are impelled by the same personal experience into a chain of wanton murders that marks them as insane. If one cared to generalize from this inadequate evidence, one could say that British society is in disarray, but American society has gone mad.

I draw no such conclusion, but there are assumptions in *Badlands* that I find disturbing. In considering them, bear in mind that Malick has written and directed his first picture with a shrewd appreciation of what will produce a sympathetic response from his audience. Kit (Martin Sheen) is a young loner, working off and on as a garbage collector and stockyards handyman in a small Midwest city. As people often tell him, he looks a bit like James Dean, and Sheen has been directed to emphasize this resemblance in loose-jointed carriage and slurred speech. It can be assumed that impersonation of a folk hero took him the first step into fantasy. His very young sweetheart, Holly (Sissy Spacek), is a skinny, motherless baton twirler, a new kid in town when he first picks her up. Bored with her own back yard, she is flattered by the attention, excited by the Dean business, and before long they are sneaking off for sunny picnics with gentle sex.

Holly's father objects to the friendship and is the first victim of the fact that Kit, an otherwise average "troubled" youth, has no block against homicide. He never kills in anger, and only on one occasion from what might be called necessity; in general, he kills for convenience. With the father dead and the house in flames, the children set forth on the road. They stop for a time in a woods by a river, where Kit—with an ingenuity that would win approval from the Swiss Family Robinson—installs them in a tree house and instructs his girl in living close to nature. Bounty hunters spot them and Kit, springing from a burrow prepared in advance for the purpose, kills all five of them in as fast a round of carbine fire as the screen has seen since the last Indian bit the celluloid. Kit is not only a virtuoso marksman and an elegant al fresco carpenter, but a car driver of Indianapolis caliber.

After being flushed out of Eden, the pair keep pretty much on the move, picking up cars as needed and leaving behind a trail of bodies. Soon the state police and the National Guard are mobilized and ego-feeding bulletins come over the car radio. One moonlit night, driving overland across the Badlands

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toward the mountains of Montana, they stop the car and dance dreamily together in the sagebrush, to the voice of Nat King Cole. But then Holly, who narrates their adventures by hindsight in soap opera clichés, decides she has had enough of her "hellbent type" and lets herself be caught by the cops. Soon thereafter Kit also stops running—in part, I assume, because the blood chase was his way of making love to Holly and in part because he has no taste for being shot himself.

It then develops that the police and the Guardsmen deeply admire their captive. Scores of them gather around to exchange banter with Kit, to shake his hand, to wish him luck. As one of them says to him, "You're a real individual." So the madness spreads from Kit to Holly to the forces of civil order and, one supposes, to the whole viewing and listening public. Another super image has been flashed across the night sky. *Badlands* has stirred the critics to adjectival exuberance, but none that I have read seems to notice that it is a very peculiar picture. It portrays insanity as a benign affliction, like measles, that any kid may catch. Kit and Holly are in no way disfigured or handicapped by their terrifying abnormality. Holly complains of the lack of bath water, but in fact they are unstained by their adventures, remaining to the end fresh, alert, pleasant-tempered, handsome and admirably competent. Everything I have seen or read of serious derangement suggests that the picture is as crazed as the characters it depicts. There have been instances of lethal jaunts across country, but I don't for a moment believe that the participants resembled Kit and Holly. It bothers me that a romance of happy murder can be greeted as "a brilliant and fully realized work of art" or "a clear terrible statement that says it all." Says all what?

It has long been Sillitoe's major premise that the intelligent and visionary members of the British proletariat are trapped and crushed by the mean realities of marriage, family and job. There may be a good deal to it, though his preoccupation perhaps gives the impression that these superior misfits are more prevalent and more doomed to eating their hearts out than is the case. (There is no similar implication of entrapment in the sunny and affluent America of *Badlands*, which may be why the picture develops psychotic rather than social dislocations.)

In *The Ragman's Daughter*, however, Sillitoe carries the notion to romantic excess (at least in the screen treatment he made of his story) and it tips over into sentimentality. For example, Doris, (Victoria Tennant), whose father owns a lucrative junkyard), keeps a horse, which she rides on visits to the slum home of Tony, her lover (Simon Rouse). This startling maneuver strikes a Lady Godiva note, especially since we soon learn that Doris of the long pale hair invariably sheds her clothes upon dismounting. The picture contains some jokes, but I don't think this was meant to be one of them.

More basically, *The Ragman's Daughter* is starry-eyed in that the instant attachment between the girl and boy is merely stated and not at all proved. Tony, to put it honestly, is a pale, scruffy street boy possessed of a maddening adenoidal accent, and Doris, besides being very pretty, has had "advantages." She may indeed be bored, but it is hard to believe that she is as bored as all that. However that may be, Doris thinks that burglary is just the lark for which she has been hankering and Tony, who calls that attitude daft, since money is his object, accepts her as a partner in crime. It is probable that he has more than that in mind, and sure enough the pleasant terror of breaking and entering makes Doris herself an easy conquest.

If that sounds sordid, it does not so appear. The two are increasingly attractive as the film goes on—though throughout they remain rather manipulated—and their crimes, reprehensible and foolhardy, are not such as to horrify an audience that has not surrendered its judgment to the titillations of insanity. It is notable that when, on one of their night prowls, Tony finds a cigarette lighter and a revolver in an office desk, he quickly pinches the lighter, but closes the drawer on the gun. He is a boy—there are many such—who fancies that he is "getting even" with society; but he knows perfectly well that he is a small-time crook who has been lucky in love, and he is not about to make a national sensation of himself. Very sane is Tony.

Not exactly smart, though, and eventually he gets caught and sent off to a Borstal school. Thereupon, the romantic underpinning collapses and the story falls into tear-jerking. Poor Doris finds herself pregnant, her family marries her off to a garage mechanic and he and she are killed while riding their motorcycle. Tony had also driven a motorcycle, and Doris probably consoled herself with flashbacks. But memories don't do much for Tony. Back from the Borstal after a few years, he spies in anguish as his baby son goes off for a ride with granddad; then, in a moment of distracted sorrow, swipes a radio before a crowd of witnesses and is off to jail again.

A subsidiary story, which emerges in brief flashes, tells of an older Tony (Perhaps Tony older?) who has indeed married and had children, who loses his job in a dairy for stealing a few pounds of cheese and who is much given to gazing over bridges and staring out into the night while his wife asks what ails him.

The Ragman's Daughter and *Badlands* both crumble to a stop rather than come to a conclusion, and for the same reason that neither is built on sufficient foundations of character and motivation. But the British story (Becker, the director, is in fact an American working in England) deals, however implausibly, with recognizable people in recognizable situations; *Badlands* makes of criminal insanity an example of outstanding enterprise and poise. One is a slightly silly love story; the other, at least potentially, is dangerously confusing.

If I don't make much point of the fact that these pictures are extremely well staged and photographed, it is because film making is now almost always technically splendid. In these two examples, the casts, and particularly the two couples, are also admirable. Indeed both pictures are in a kind of double focus, caused by the fact that the young actors, however unconvincing their behavior, look, speak and move with a hypnotic fidelity to their generation. □

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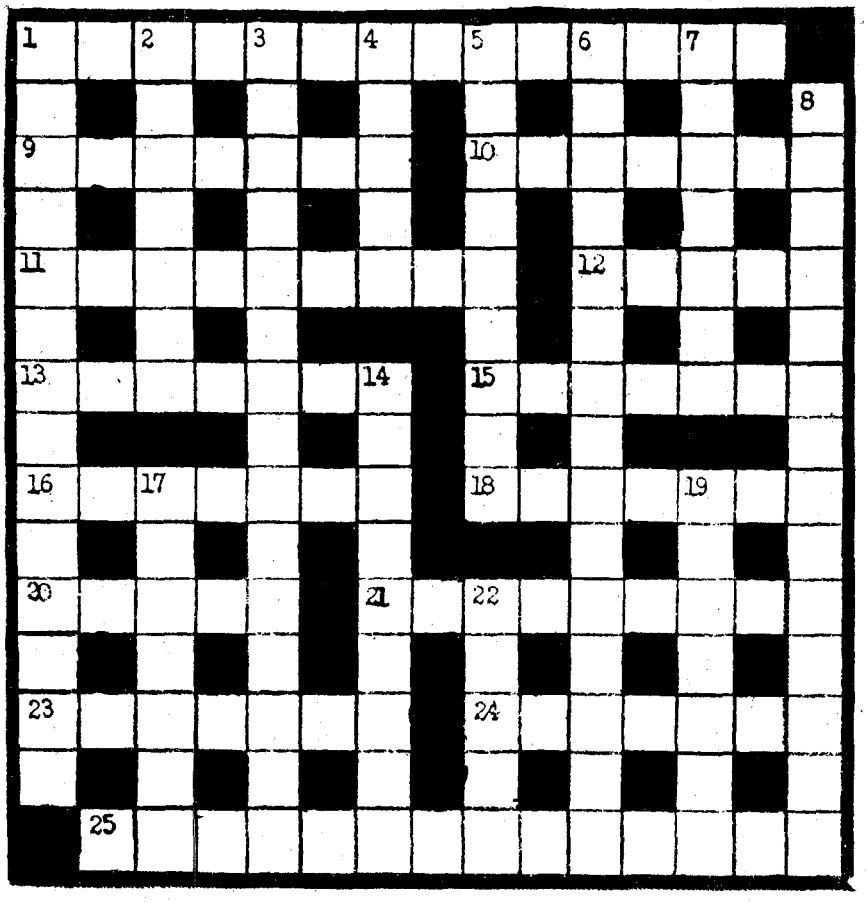

ACROSS

1 Direction finder? (5,2,3,4)
9 A number of volley-ball players thus colored might appear peaked. (7)
10 The sort of angles a dish has. (7)
11 On reflection, he was rather doting. (9)
12 This bird doesn't quite start to wish otherwise. (5)
13 They either slide or pound. (7)
15 A region otherwise associated with ancient Greeks and Romans. (4,3)
16 Sandburg's Hog Butcher. (7)
18 Certainly not High Fashion clothing, though in traveling one might get into it first. (3,4)
20 Moulding a circle on each side of a little (or big) book? (5)
21 Sounds like the young lady is perfectly ready to spread a few untruths. (9)
23 The way one used to prepare something new for the old-fashioned writer in the club? (7)
24 Part of the skeleton around the tree might mark some public celebration. (7)
25 Services for some, but greener tips may grow out of them. (6,8)

DOWN

1 A tale of rescue might be expected to create at least a little interest. (7,7)
2 One might so consider 1 down with a certain aloofness. (7)
3 Evidently most of the country is employed with what a party needs in maintaining the office. (7,8)
4 Such subjects are barely photogenic. (5)
5 What they used to try and do when the revenuer came, but one can't do it actively. (4,5)
6 Maxim for conservationists? (5,3,4,3)
7 If Al headed the country instead of getting in wrong, it would be much bigger. (7)
8 Kitchenware salesmen in the old days might be just part of the band. (14)
14 Hose, perhaps, or rather one who prepares something to put them in. (9)
17 Not one of those cage-makers, according to Lovelace. (4,3)
19 Noise, or the equivalent, might prove wearing. (7)
22 Bales of fur, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1532

ACROSS: 1 Operation; 6 Stand; 9 Salerno; 10 Regroup; 11 and 24 Supposing; 12 Oilcan; 13 Cyst; 15 Cheating; 16 Pinero; 18 Typist; 20 Bluffing; 23, 25 and 28 Reinforcements; 29 Servant; 30 Straw; 31 Disasters. DOWN: 1 Oasis; 2 Eclipse; 3 Air hostess; 4 Iron lung; 5 Norman; 6 Sign; 7 Anodyne; 8 Diphthong; 14 Disfigures; 15 Cataracts; 17 Ellipsis; 19 Primmer; 21 Inflate; 22 Bossed; 26 Rites; 27 Snow.

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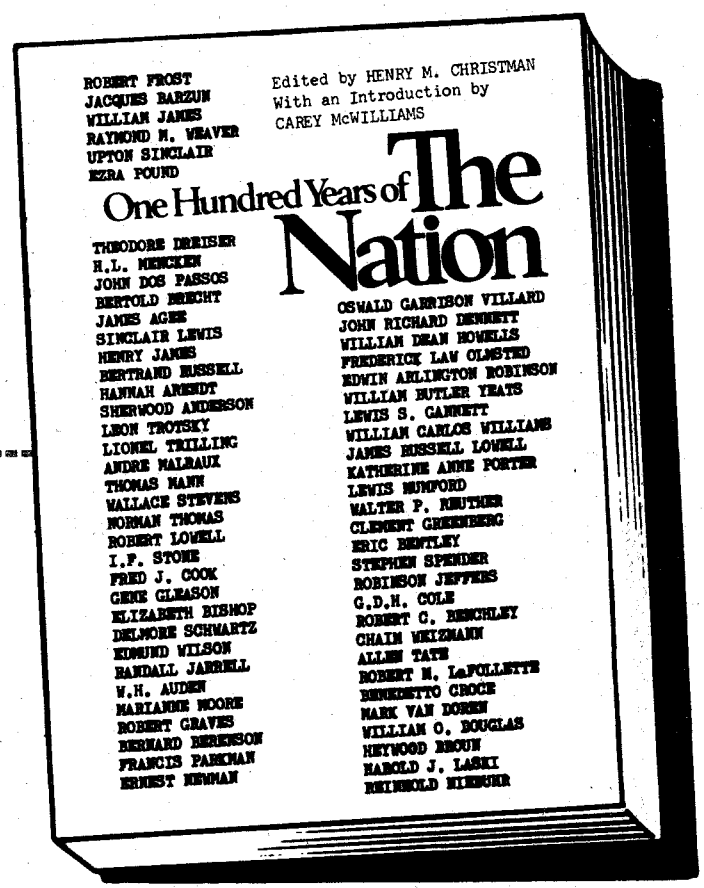

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